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[J. HOLMES, TOWN'S COURT.]

REVIEWS

Love and Pride. By the Author of 'Sayings and Doings.' London: Whittaker.

THESE volumes have reached us at too late an hour to allow of our doing them justice. We shall, therefore, with a very few observations, defer a criticism of the work until our ensuing number, and cull out, for the amusement of our readers, a few of those spirited and humorous sketches of life and character which so brilliantly distinguish Mr. Hook's writings from those of his contemporaries.

There are two stories comprised in the three volumes; the one intended to illustrate *Love*, and the other, *Pride*. Several of the characters are drawn with inimitable skill; the situations and conversations are perhaps at times too farcical, but they are so provocative of downright laughter, as to make us wish them not a whit less extravagant. These tales have evidently been written with great rapidity, as the working out of the incidents is generally abrupt and hasty; but carelessness, as to the mechanism of the story, leaves the author more unshackled in his spirit and humour.

The picture of the House of Pictures is well coloured in.

"Forced thus unnaturally into a crowd, at a moment when solitude would best have suited the temper of her mind, Miss Franklin, with her mother and her friend, began to mount the extremely inconvenient, wretchedly dark, filthy, dirty, and eminently disagreeable staircase of the Royal Academy, slipping over scattered orange-peels, covering their gloves with dust, if accidentally touching any part of the balusters or walls, during the horrid ascent, the abominations of which, are scarcely recompensed by the entertaining absurdity of beholding Hercules with his apples in a brass wire bird-cage, at the bottom of it.

"Up they went, poor wearied travellers—Bonyan's Pilgrim was happy by comparison; they passed that 'Slough of Despond,' the apartment stored with the mad fancies of juvenile modellers, or doting architects, quitted that 'Valley of Humiliation,' the chamber of monsters and miniatures, which adjoins it, and boldly and resolutely, mounted the 'Hill of Lucre,' the great room, 'top of all,' where the wealth of thousands hangs round the walls, scattered at their pleasure, and converted into ugly faces, and ungainly figures, for the peculiar gratification and satisfaction of themselves and friends."

The housekeeper of a half-deserted house in Harley Street, peering up from the area, is admirably hit off in the following:—

"This double appeal was replied to by the appearance in the area below, of an elderly and somewhat portly personage, habited in a blue cotton gown illuminated with black dots; and wearing a cap of no inconsiderable dimensions, decorated with a bow of dirtyish blue riband; her shoes were down at heel, and she held a broom in her hand. And lifting up a face, broad but by no means beautiful, she inquired in a shrill tone, 'What the gentleman pleased to want?' • • •

"Why," said Mrs. Richards, 'I do think, Sir, it is a shame to keep fond hearts apart, for as the song says, what is gold compared with love?' at the same moment dropping the second sovereign into her long dark pocket, to mingle and jingle with its already deposited brother coin, a brass thimble, a lump of bees wax, seven halfpence, the key of her trunk, and a much used once red leather housewife."

The lottery anecdote, told in the Portsmouth Rocket, would work up well for Miss Kelly or Mathews.

"After a transient refreshment, the party seemed more familiarized to each other, and even Saville himself condescended from his stilts and joined in the conversation; the melancholy man in the left-hand corner unbent his brow, and added his mite to the verbal contribution of his companions, till at length the subject of lotteries was started by the Winkle-keeper, who declared an opinion that nobody ever got a prize.

"This statement was stoutly contradicted by the melancholy man, who seemed to derive a vast reinforcement of animation from the subject: he enumerated Dukes, Members of Parliament, Hampshire squires, Bloomsbury attorneys, and Pall-Mall pastry-cooks, who had, all to his own knowledge, been splendidly and suddenly enriched by the acquisition of large sums. 'Indeed, Sir,' added he, 'even I myself might have been worth thirty thousand pounds more than I am at this moment, by the same means, if it had not been for an accidental circumstance, over which I had no controul.'"

"What might that have been?" said the Winkleman,—"choosing the wrong number, perhaps?"

"Not so, Sir," said the melancholy gentleman, his countenance at the same moment assuming an expression rather of anger than of sorrow,—"I did choose the right number—bought it—brought it home—and had it in my library table drawer—but—"

"It was stolen, perhaps, Sir?" said the Winkleman's friend, in a piteous tone.

"No, Sir, not that. I had it—it was mine—it was in the days when lotteries lasted a month, and tickets rose in value as they continued undrawn. I went into the city on business—a friend, who knew of my ticket, called in my absence—offered my wife a hundred and twenty guineas for it;—she knew that it had cost me but five-and-twenty;—sold it him—all for my good, poor soul—she's in heaven now, Sir,—it's no use scolding about it—it won't bring it back—and the very same afternoon—d—n me—I'm sure you'll excuse my swearing at the recollection—it came up a thirty thousand pound prize!"

"A general exclamation of horror followed the announcement.

"And now, Sir," continued the gentleman, "as I walk along the streets in wet weather, because I cannot afford a hackney-coach, my friend Dodman, the lucky purchaser, dashes by in his carriage, and splashes me with mud. He lives in the house which I had all my life an anxiety to possess; and has refused his consent to his son's marrying my daughter, on the plea of her poverty."

"It was evident that the melancholy gentleman felt the circumstances keenly.

"Well," said Saville, 'I don't think I could have survived such a thing.'"

"Only conceive, Sir," said the gentleman, seeming to delight in aggravating all the miseries of his loss,—'only conceive my coming home out of the city—having seen my number placarded at Cornhill as the prize—having compared it with the memorandum in my pocket-book—having bought a necklace and pair of ear-rings for my wife upon the strength of it—and finding, upon my arrival, that she had sold my thirty thousand pounds, which I was sure was in my pocket, to a man I hated, for one hundred and twenty guineas, which she exultingly exhibited, and which, with thirty-five more, went to pay for the baubles I had brought her home.'"

"I could not have stood that," said the Winkleman.

"Nor I," said the weeping husband.

"I," said Saville, 'should have cut my throat.'"

"So I did, Sir," said the melancholy gentleman, 'and here are the marks where it was sewn up!'—exhibiting, at the same moment, a huge scar right across his windpipe.

"To describe the sudden coil-up of the three listeners, when the narrator of his own misfortunes made this disclosure, would be impossible;—in a moment they unanimously construed all his previous observations and remarks into symptoms of his yet latent malady; and never were rightly at their ease until they were blessed with the sight of his back, as he descended the steps of the coach at the door of the Dolphin, at Petersfield."

With a brief extract from the letter of the lady's-maid to Twigg, we will, for the present, dismiss the first story; and we shall content ourselves with one passage from the tale called 'Snowdon,'—a tolerably lengthy one to be sure, but equal to the dinner at the Palmers', in 'Maxwell,' or to any of the best scenes in 'Gervase Skinner.'

"My mistress has been very very ill; she has not entirely recovered the shock and disappointment occasioned by Mr. Saville's cruel conduct. I thought she would have died. There she was, Alexander, day after day, going down to the bathing machine, which was where I told you to tell Mr. Saville to meet us; a washing and washing herself every morning of her life; till there was scarce any thing of her left; and what with that, and weeping, I do assure you I thought we should have lost her. She is better a little, and now speaks of your master, and will let me mention his name. But there is a book of his—one which she did not send back when she returned all his bits of things that he had left at our house—and I often see her reading in it, and crying; but she tries not to let me see it; and the minute I come into the room she jumps up and hides the book, and affects to laugh and talk something about nothing, just merely for conversation." • • •

"As for my mistress's husband, he has been at the very point of death. What has been the matter with him I cannot rightly tell you, because I do not exactly know; but the doctors say he has got something the matter with his something, in Latin, which I believe is his liver in English, and he has great pain in his side, and is always sick; but I am no great hand at Italian, and don't know the names the people here give to complaints. One thing I can make out, and that is, that he is not long for this world. And between you and me and the post,

when he goes it will be no great loss; for he leads my poor young lady such a life, that if he was the great Mogul stuffed with diamonds, I would not stop with him. Nobody dare speak to her, nor she to nobody; and every body is running after her here, because she is what they call *leggiadra*, and *bella*, and all that; but if an man bows or stops a moment to talk to her, fold Smith is in one of his tantrums, and scolds her worse than ever her mother did,—and that's saying a good deal."

Lord Snowdon, the old hero of the second tale, is pride itself. He has just broken a shaft of his cabriolet, on a wet day, upon Barnes Common; an omnibus rattles up, and the Tiger, no house or aid being near, persuades his lofty master, the destined Governor General of India, to "get in." It is not possible to surpass in broad humour the following description:—

"The Marquess stepped in, and the conductor gave the word 'all right'; but this was done so soon after the admission of his Lordship into the vehicle, and he was so long picking out a clean place to sit down upon, that the jerk of the hearse threw his Lordship forward into the lap of the fattest woman that ever was seen out on a caravan at a fair, who, unfortunately, was carrying a jar of pickled onions on her knee, which was upset by the Marquess's tumble, and in its fall saturated the front of his Lordship's waistcoat and stock with its fragrant juice.

"The Marquess made a thousand well-bred apologies, and was got up upon his legs by the exertions of the fat woman, whose struggles to rescue herself from the imposing weight of nobility, materially assisted the efforts of a good-natured dirty little man in the corner, and a thin spare woman, who was carrying a bantam-cock and three hens in a basket to London, having upon her other hand a large-faced child, with great blue eyes, and a cold in its head. It wore a brown skin cap with a gold band round it, while a green and white net comforter was twisted round its chin and body; its dress, generally, bearing very strong evidence that the dear little thing was an extremely bad traveller.

"Near the door, and over whose shins the Marquess first tumbled upon getting in, was placed a stout, blue-aproned market-gardener; and opposite to him, a smartish looking man, with a Mosaic gold chain round his neck, and a bunch of oily curls coming out from under his hat just over his ear—he was the dandy of the party.

"Off went the omnibus—rattle went all the windows—slap went the weather boards—bang went the axle-trees; and away went the whole concern, at a rate and with a noise, of which the Marquess till that moment had but a very faint conception.

"The dirty dandy in the corner, as soon as he saw the involuntary contortions of poor Lord Snowdon's countenance, as the huge thing bumped up and down, and twisted first one way and then another, began to affect a similar distaste for the conveyance; and to mark his sympathy with the new arrival, forthwith bumped himself up close to him. He looked at the Governor-General Bahauder for a moment or two, and then pulling out a sort of whitey-brown paper funnel, which did duty for a snuff-box, offered it to the Marquess. * * *

"After a short delay, during which several aristocratic carriages rolled by—at which periods the Marquess adopted the celebrated system of *ostrichism*, and hid his head—the omnibus rattled on towards town. At Walham-green, two tall scraggy girls from a boarding-school,

Sickly, smiling, gay, young, and awkward, were poked in. A gentleman with very red

mustachios, was picked up at the Queen's Elm gate; and a poulterer's boy, with a couple of skinned rabbits in a tray, was added to the party at the corner of Sloane-street, the said rabbits being on their way back to a poulterer's in Duke-street, St. James's, because they were not fresh. * * *

"At the top of St. James's-street the caravan stopped. The day had cleared up; the pavement was dry. The King was in town; there were many people about. Lord Snowdon just peeped through the windows, and saw groups collected—men he knew. Here it was clear he could not get out—whither should he go? how far—what place was safe? At length he resolved upon going the whole journey to the Bank, so that he might emerge in the city, and then enveloping himself in a hackney-coach, reach the habitable part of town, without fear of discovery.

"Any body for White Oss Cellar?" said the man on the steps. Out went the dirty dandy, the man with the apron, and the boy with the rabbits. But their places were instantly supplied by a portly gentleman lugging in a small-sized green garden-engine with a fan spout, and three fishing-rods, which he had just bought at the corner of Albemarle-street, and a fond mother, who had provided herself with a heap of toys for her six children.

"Still the Marquess kept peering out of his prison—nobody saw him—and it was pleasant to peep through the loop-holes thus unobserved. In a few minutes all was right, but, the pavement in Piccadilly was up; it was necessary, therefore, that the huge machine should go down St. James's-street; and so it did; but short was its progress in that line of march—all the bumpings and thumpings which its rapid course in the earlier part of its journey had excited now were to be compensated for. The driver smacked his whip, the horses obeyed the sound, when bang went something, and in an instant, the whole fabric came down with a crash like thunder, exactly in front of White's.

"The shrieks of the women, the cries of the men, the noise of the fall, all combined to attract a thousand spectators. Fifty heads were out of Crockford's Coffee-room; all the guardsmen rushed into the balcony; and in the bow-window of White's itself, which was instantly thrown up, were heard the well-known voices of the leaders of the *clique*, in a sort of war-whoop, which, like the whistle of Rhoderick Dhu, roused the whole clan to observe the dreadful *dénouement*.

"In detail were the passengers extricated. The dear little boarding-school girls jumped out first; the fat man with his garden-engine stuck in the door-way, and was only ejected by the ponderosity of the still fatter woman, with what she called her 'union jar' clasped like a lovely baby to her bosom; the lady with the toys was trampled under foot; the sick child was jammed under the dirty man in the corner, and the thin woman who took care of it, getting anxious about its fate, unwillingly, abandoned the poultry; and when the most noble the Marquess of Snowdon, K. G. and Governor General of India, emerged, amidst the cries of 'take care of the old gentleman,' he came out without his hat, with a fine bantam cock perched upon his head, and a couple of fuzzy-legged hens roosting upon his shoulders."

We shall respect an omnibus for the remainder of our days, since it has afforded our merry novelist such a scene as the foregoing. The Marquess was perhaps foolish to embark in such a vehicle,—but,

Nemo mortalium omnibus horis sapit!

Hampden in the Nineteenth Century; or, Colloquies on the Errors and Improvement of Society. London: Moxon.

"He who writes from a strong conviction," says Karamsin, "may fail to convince, but cannot fail to interest." The perusal of this work will make but few converts to the theories of Robert Owen, which the author advocates; but no one will cast even a hasty glance over its pages without feeling their sympathies awakened by the zeal which the author displays for improving the general condition of society, and more especially of the working population. That there is much misery in the world, unexplored even by those who profess themselves philanthropists, few can doubt; that the annals of the poor are neither "short nor simple," but a long and gloomy record of sufferings, is also a fact slowly forcing itself on general conviction. There are a few leaves of these annals inserted in the Colloquies, that harrow up the soul. But the question arises, are these evils merely incidental to, or are they inherent in the present constitution of society? May not means be devised of remedying the most pressing defects, without pulling down and re-constructing the entire system? When Shakespeare compared the world to "an unweeded garden," he did not recommend us to plough it up for a turnip-field; but certainly akin to such a cure is the project for pulling down huts and palaces, to erect in their stead quadrangular barracks. Robert Owen is one to whom the world owes much, and the debt would have been greater had he not tried to make it so; but he fell into the common error of philanthropists; he could not rest content with doing good on a small scale. He might, with safety, despise the impertinence of the vaunt and the calumnies of the designing; but can he—can his most devoted admirer assert, that he has not wantonly provoked more formidable hostility? Has he not invariably insisted, that those who were willing to co-operate with him should go to the extreme length of every one of his opinions, political and religious? Now, their truth or error we discuss not; but, were they as demonstrable as that the angles of a triangle are equal to two right angles, they should not have been pressed upon men at once, and all together. "I would not pull up an old post to which my eye was accustomed," said a nobleman, remarkable for his taste in landscape gardening; now, though prejudices may be quite as ugly as old posts in the eyes of symmetrical philosophers, they are generally more beloved, and frequently as harmless.

The Colloquies are totally deficient in dramatic character: the Duke of Wellington does not descend on classic lore with flippant pedantry, Lord Eldon's conversation is not wholly made up of allusions to Chancery, and Sir Robert Peel is not ignorant of modern literature. The interview between Fitzosborne and the Bishop of London (Dr. Howley, the present Metropolitan), is, we believe, a real scene; and there was, perhaps, some want of courtesy in making it public; but the part which the Bishop acts is one of which he need not be ashamed. The same thing cannot be said of the hero, Hampden; for his conversation at the table of Dr. Bathurst, when he addresses a defence of Helvetius and similar writers, to his host, a pious cler-

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gymnast, shows a lamentable want of tact, great self-sufficiency, and not quite so much knowledge as from his character we were led to expect.

Naval Adventures. By Lieut. W. Bowers, R. N. 2 vols. London: Bentley.

THE author of these narratives has seen and suffered much: fortune, early in life, pushed him off the land, and said, "Go try your luck on water," and since that period he has been moving in many latitudes, and looking on many strange countries. He relates his adventures in an easy, familiar way—makes few attempts at the picturesque—gives every subject as many words as it seems to want, and no more—and writes with a sort of seaman-like earnestness in all things. We have no inclination to describe the various voyages which our author made, nor give a list of sunken rocks, dangerous reefs, and sandbanks, from which he escaped: neither shall we relate his attempts to open a market with savages who had few wants, or with civilized people who had many, but content ourselves with picking out characteristic passages, and other amusing or instructive bits, by which our readers may taste of the author's spirit, and judge of the bulk through the sample. He gives an interesting account of an interview with the chief of South American heroes, the Liberator Bolivar, who died too soon for his country.

"About this time I touched at Callao, the castle of which, recently given up to the Spaniards by the mutinous troops, I found invested by sea and land by the Columbian army, under the Liberator Bolivar, in person. Having a large sum of money still due to me for the brig, (subsequently the Chimborazzo, sold in 1820, and at this time in the Columbian service), I thought it a favourable opportunity, by applying at the fountain-head, to urge my claims, and with this view Colonel O'Leary, an Irishman, one of the Liberator's aid-de-camps, having offered to procure me an interview with his chief, I set out one morning. On reaching his residence, a few miles from Lima, I was much disappointed on learning from the Colonel that some *contre-temps* in the besieging camp had so annoyed Bolivar, that he much doubted the possibility of getting him to receive me, advising me to wait for a more propitious opportunity; but, as such might never again occur, for I intended going to sea that day, he was at length prevailed on to announce me. After a few moments of anxious suspense for the success of the doubtful experiment, the hero, a small active man, with a well-knit frame, a dark penetrating eye, and a swarthy, sun-burnt, toil-worn, but extremely intelligent countenance, full dressed in a cavalry uniform, and up to his hips in boots, came forth from his study. On observing an inauspicious frown of impatience on his dark visage, I felt something like a man, who in a tiger-hunt has roused the angry object of his pursuit from his lair.

"Seeming almost to look through O'Leary, who, conscious of the delicacy of importuning him at a moment when he was pre-occupied with matters of such vast importance, looked like a thief taken *en flagrant délit*. He inquired, 'What does he want?' Ashamed of the humiliating feelings that for an instant had shaken my self-possession, I recollected myself, and, with as graceful a bow as I could accomplish, said carelessly, that being about to depart for England, and never having had the pleasure of seeing his Excellency before, I could not think of returning without paying my respects to him,

and furnishing myself with the means of satisfying the curiosity of my countrymen at home.

"To this, in a softened key, he observed, 'Oh! in so great a country as your's, a person of my insignificance can be little thought of, or cared about.' Having found little trouble in convincing him to the contrary, he now offered me a chair, inquiring where I had picked up my Spanish, and, listening with great patience, finally offered me his hand, and took his leave, promising me a letter, recommending my claims to General Santander, Vice President of Columbia. I met him twice or thrice, subsequently, at Tacna, and Arica, when he was visiting every town and city in that vast country; the day as usual passed on horseback, the night in dancing, revelry, and festivity. In spite of this, his iron frame apparently remained uncorroded; enjoying the most uninterrupted health and spirits, his energies at the table or in the field never seemed impaired. At the former he was extremely affable and convivial, encouraging conversation, and seldom allowing his temper to be ruffled by the liberties inseparable from such occasions. An exception to his general forbearance, once however occurred with my poor friend Morgel, at that time Captain of the Presidente, the flag-ship. The latter having given his opinion somewhat freely, the General lost his temper and good breeding, and applied an insulting epithet, the strongest the Spanish language can convey, to the offender, who without a moment's hesitation, hurled the same back in his very teeth. Half a dozen rapiers were out of their scabbards in an instant, and Morgel would have paid the forfeit of his temerity with his life, had not the Liberator magnanimously stepped forward and protected him, with real greatness of mind acknowledging himself the aggressor.

"He was a great admirer of the softer sex, indulged in the pleasure of the board, and, when exhilarated, was very fond of exhibiting his oratorical abilities, jumping on the table, and, with great animation and fluency, addressing the convives, or proposing a toast, cherishing the most vindictive hatred to everything Spanish. Summary and somewhat sanguinary in his punishment of those and other enemies of the great cause he had so triumphantly vindicated, he was devoted to his friends and followers, to none more than to those strangers, principally our countrymen, O'Leary, Sands, Hallows, Blair, Wilson, Whittle, Brown, and other well-tried soldiers of a hundred combats, who had attached themselves to his standard, and had marched with him from the plains of the Apure to the southern extremity of Peru. These brave men, the skeleton remains of his favourite Albion battalion, shared largely his good opinion and favours. Among other anecdotes, General Sands related to me the following.

"One evening, when the hostile armies, encamped in sight of each other, were preparing for the combat of the following day, and an unusual gloom seemed to pervade the Patriot troops, a deer was started, which was eventually run down by the soldiers' dogs, and presented to Bolivar, sitting with his staff in front of his tent. He instantly ordered it to be given to the officers of the Albion, saying, 'Give it to the English for their supper, according to the adage, to enable them to perform their work well to-morrow.' At the same time, some little indulgence by the issue of a small quantity of spirits, and otherwise, was extended also to the soldiers, and the General partook of the feast. It is needless to say that their performance on the field of battle did not disappoint expectation; a complete victory was gained on the ensuing day over the Royalists, who fled before them like sheep."

How unlike the well-arranged interior, and well-organized crew of a British ship of

war is the following picture of a Spanish privateer:—

"The crew of the *Pensée* consisted of about three hundred and fifty men, a great portion of whom were blacks or mulattoes. They were clothed in the spoils of the vessels they had plundered, and in all the colours of the rainbow, scarce any two being dressed alike, and they constituted as ferocious and motley a gang as (save the heterogeneous assemblage in the first cruiser under Admiral Noah) ever congregated on the decks of a ship; the whole affording a fine specimen of liberty and equality, for they ate, drank, played cards, and even dressed their hair on the quarter-deck. The infliction of the lash or other systematic corporal punishments was prohibited. An individual having been detected in a theft by the commander, the only penalty he suffered was a sound kicking and cuffing by the latter on the quarter-deck, with a plentiful volley of abuse for thus disgracing 'la grande nation.' The black gun-room cook, however, attended table with our captain's shirts on his back with impunity. The officers messed in common, but each individual furnished and brought to table his own plate, knife, fork, spoon, and napkin. Save those of the gun-room and cabin, there was not a bed or hammock on board, the crew planking it in their clothes. Under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that they mustered nearly one hundred in the sick list, and scarcely a day passed that two or three individuals were not consigned to the deep."

Love on shore was nearly as fatal to him as privateers or storms on the deep.

"Donna Madalena, a lovely girl, by whom I had been much struck on my first visit to Concepcion, was still unmarried and living there, and I could not resist the desire of seeing her. I had already passed a few delightful evenings in her society, usually whiling away the fleeting hours at forfeits and other games of the country, when, one unlucky night, while in the disguise of a female penitent, I was on my knees confessing to my fair friend in the habit of a friar, who should pop in, but the town major and commandant of the troops, another professed lover, who had solicited and expected her hand! With all the wily treachery of the Spaniard, he entered fully into and appeared to enjoy the fun, but did not remain long. At about eleven I also took my departure, but had not proceeded fifty yards before I was attacked by four soldiers, who, after a severe struggle, and not till after I had received several serious bruises from their bayonets, succeeded in securing and marching me off to prison. Here, shut up in a dismal calabosa, with an unfortunate wretch condemned to close confinement for murder; what with my wounds, the fleas, and the prospect of a protracted solitary confinement in this horrible place, the usual punishment of deserters, I passed a wretched night."

The fate of the gallant Captain Manners is related in the author's most touching manner: the favourite maxim in battle of that young commander, was "yardarm and yardarm, three broadsides, double-shotted, and board!" He little knew how soon he was to prove the worth of his maxim. The *Reindeer*, which he commanded, was cruising in company with the ship in which Bowers served, when they were separated in the night: next afternoon the wreck of a mast and rigging was seen floating; on picking it up, it was found torn with shot, and bloody—it was all that remained of the *Reindeer*. Her fate was told by one of her crew who survived the catastrophe:—

"The following are the particulars of this ac-

tion received from one of the survivors: 'The enemy (the Wasp, American corvette,) was discovered on our lee bow about ten A. M. standing towards us. Little preparation was necessary: brother Jonathan had already cured us of that overweening conceit and false security, which long and uninterrupted success had given us, and we were always ready. Finding she would pass to windward, we tacked, and by hard sweeping soon gained a position that would enable us to keep the weather-gauge, when we put about again, and stood towards her. The American now tacked, and stood away from us. By hard sweeping, however, we gained a position on his weather quarter, and from a gun placed on the fore-castle, at which Captain Manners attended himself, galled the enemy considerably, killing and wounding several of his men. This advantage was, however, but temporary; they were silently preparing a deadly return. Luffing athwart our bows, he poured in a deadly broadside, which mowed down our men like grass. The two vessels were now nearly alongside of each other, the carnage was dreadful. Poor Manners, badly wounded in both legs, was carried on the poop, where he remained on his knees, his left elbow on the larboard round-house, and waving his sword in his right, to encourage his men, until a musket shot through the head from the enemy's main-top deprived this talented and gallant young officer of existence, and spared him the pain of lowering his country's flag to her foe. The action was continued, and the first lieutenant and master being both badly wounded, the gunner, in the absence of the second lieutenant, left at Cork, was called up from the magazine to take the command, but not making his appearance in time, the action was continued by the captain's clerk. In this condition, with seventy, out of a crew of one hundred and nine, killed and wounded, and the brig a perfect wreck, so as to be unmanageable, we were compelled to strike.'

"It is unnecessary to comment on this action, and its deplorable results, which, against such an overwhelming disparity of force, ought to have been foreseen. The Reindeer mounted eighteen twenty-four pounders, and had one hundred and nine men. The Wasp, twenty-six thirty-two pounders, and upwards of two hundred men; these were for the most part English seamen, who, having no other alternative, than victory or an ignominious death, would, like the crew of the Essex, combat with the almost supernatural energy of despair. For this among other national benefits, we are indebted to the sages, who some time before had turned adrift all our old men-of-war's men, of eleven years standing, to seek their fortunes wheresoever they might list. Captured in our merchants' ships, these ill used men, indignant at their treatment, and having to choose between a prison or comfortable quarters, good wages, and other inducements, would not long hesitate. This policy deprived us of nine of our best men, all petty officers, and well affected to the service. Might it not have been better to have offered them an extra bounty, and allowed them to volunteer for those cruisers most likely to fall in with our powerful adversaries? What might not poor Lambert have done with three hundred such as these? It is said, that previously to his sailing, he wrote to the Admiralty, requesting a survey of his crew, and reporting their inefficient state. He was answered by a certain *cir-devant* secretary, that 'if he had any disinclination to go to India in the Java, some one should be found to supersede him.' Well might old Admiral O—, when asked how it was the Yankees were walking off with our frigates? exclaim with honest indignation, 'Look at your Admiralty, what are they composed of?'"

We have given a portrait of Bolivar by the

pencil of our author; we shall now add likenesses of Ramon Freyre and San Martin:—

"Ramon Freyre, the 'star of Chili,' so long the idol of his country and dread of her foes, is a native of Concepcion. This gallant young man, who, as we have shown, in the battle of Maypo, at the head of the Patriot cavalry broke and scattered the best troops of Spain, has distinguished himself by a thousand acts of romantic valour. In spite, however, of this, the jealousy of those in power, being excited by his great popularity, always kept him in the back ground until 1822, when, arriving from Concepcion with two thousand of his countrymen, he succeeded in overturning the Government of O'Higgins, who was accused of venality, and new modelled the state. The disease, however, was too deep to be easily cured; whatever might have been his intentions, things soon resumed their wonted channel, and corruption prevailed to as great an extent as before. Freyre, in his turn, gave place to another, and, engaging in a party warfare, was finally defeated and banished, but I believe has subsequently been allowed to remain on his own estate near the valley of Aruna.

"San Martin, a native of Mendoza, on the eastern side of the Cordillera, served in Spain, which he was obliged to quit on account of his liberal opinions. Having distinguished himself in the service of Buenos Ayres, he was chosen to conduct the expedition to Chili in 1816, and remaining a short time in his native mountains to recruit his army, for the most part composed of blacks and gauchos (peasantry), he crossed the Andes—a feat, performed as it was at a season when they were considered impassable, and at a point never attempted before, comparable to that of Hannibal, or the more modern hero Napoleon, in their celebrated passage of the Alps. In the achievement of this enterprise, as may be supposed, the army encountered numerous perils and obstacles from the difficulties of the route; and suffered much from the intensity of the cold, and various privations. All this, however, was soon forgotten in the brilliant successes of Chacabuca, and Maypo, on descending into the plains of Chili. The laurels so well earned in these two battles were, however, according to some, not a little tarnished by an undue severity to the defeated or Carro party, all of whom he expelled without mercy."

The story of Fullarton should be read by all very young officers: he offended a Spanish lady one evening in the theatre, and received a challenge from a friend who accompanied her; the upshot is tragical:—

"Fullarton, not needing a second invitation, rose on the instant, simply saying, 'Come along!' and drawing forth a small detonating pistol, made a movement towards the doors of the theatre. The sight of the weapon, apparently as awful as 'the strange quick jar upon the ear' of cocking, was enough. The hero, pale as ashes, sat himself down again, and his opponent, turning back, made a slight back-handed motion with his hand, expressive of contempt, across the other's nose. This being witnessed by the Mayor de la Plaza, or head-constable, the latter called out for the guard."

"Fullarton, hurried away by two of his countrymen, could only reach the saloon, or refreshment room, when he was attacked by the former with bayonets. He had already received several blows behind from the sword of the officer commanding. But, placing himself with his back against the wall, he presented his pistol, menacing the first that advanced, and evinced so much firmness of purpose, that his assailants were fain to keep themselves at a respectable distance.

"All of a sudden, the sergeant of the guard, who had been gambling and drinking, rushed in without his hat, and in the highest state of excitement, wrenching a bayonet from the hands of one of the soldiers, sprang, with an imprecation upon the English officer, with the weapon pointed to the breast of the latter. The life or death of one or the other was in the balance. The pistol was discharged. The unfortunate sergeant sprang two feet from the ground, and fell lifeless on the floor. Fullarton, with a bound, levelling all who opposed him, escaped by a side door, and, reaching the water's side, was lucky enough to find a boat which conveyed him to his ship."

We must bid farewell to the author and his work: here and there we could have wished the language more accurate and pure, and now and then we have been detained over matters of no interest or importance; but, on the whole, we are pleased with these narratives—they are lively, with little or no sea-slang or affectation of any kind.

The East India Sketch-Book. Vols. III. & IV. London: Bentley.

WHAT we said of the former, we may, with equal truth, report of the present volumes. The effort to be light and brilliant is not, indeed, so evident or so obtrusive, but lively dialogue and dramatic scenes are not the writer's forte, though we admit that he contrives to display by these means a good deal of Indian life and character. There is, however, one paper, entitled 'The Reminiscences of a Half-caste,' which has interested us greatly; it is full of deep, natural, and unaffected feeling, and tells, with touching effect, of the bitter consciousness that the better informed of this unhappy class must have of their equivocal position in that country, the country of their birth, the native possessions of their mothers' kindred. The youth had been educated in England, where indeed the prejudice is hardly known, and he was first made conscious that it existed in India, on his return to that country: his reflections are very natural.

"From that moment the mystery was revealed; the curse which bound me as a spell became visible to my eyes:—one word had dissipated the darkness,—had solved the enigmas of men's coldness to me,—shrouded the bright perspective in which I had sometimes indulged, and developed the dark obscurity of my future existence. I was a HALF-CASTE! . . ."

"I was about to appear amongst those but my equals in education, in intellect, in all the moral attributes of man, as one bearing on my brow the seal of the curse of Cain. No process of reasoning sufficed to alleviate the exquisite pain I endured. It was vain to reason on the original equality of all races of mankind,—on the inessential distinction of shades of colour,—on the power of education in bestowing on the various races of human beings their distinguishing characteristics,—on the real causes of separation in the sight of the Creator,—on the liberality of the views which are taken by the most cultivated Europeans. What were these abstract truths—truths, as indeed they were,—to the practical effects of the different system, which was actually already beginning to crush all my energies with the weight of its deadly tyranny? The moral stain—the stigma—of illegitimacy, I allowed with a burning heart,—but this was not the pressure of the curse on me; mine was the conventional prejudice which attaches itself to an external feature, which has no moral sanction to dignify it,—the opprobrium which the conqueror tyrannously affixes

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on the oppressed; one from which there was no redemption, by the union of all the talent and the virtue that ever dignified the human race. No; let me achieve what I might, I could never over-leap the barrier which separated me from the European; I must still be excluded, for I was born a half-caste!"

Even in the house of his father, now married to a European, and with "European offspring," he is soon made to feel that he is an alien, and a degraded creature. On one of these occasions he says—

"Unable to comprehend the subtle distinctions of social life, children are usually accessible to kindness, and keenly susceptible of the manifestations of attachment. My little brothers,—I venture here and now to call them so,—were by no means insensible to my caresses. By degrees they evinced a preference for my society above that of their mother even, because my sex and health permitted me to be their companion on occasions when custom, and the delicacy often attendant on females in these climates, compelled her absence. This intimacy and affection gained considerable strength before it attracted her notice; but, from that moment, and I could date its occurrence with the accuracy of a chronologer, the first was interrupted, and the latter, consequently, visibly declined.

"Great heaven! why was that merciless pang inflicted? Wherein did I injure those innocent children by the fond devotedness of my love,—the watchful protection of my presence? My caresses left no stain, my kisses breathed no curse! My heart bloomed again beneath the reviving influence of their blessed affection. Linked to them by feelings of guardianship,—by my own readiness to meet in my person any danger that could thus have been shielded from theirs,—I had entered on a blissful dream that the curse of barrenness had been removed from my soul; that I was not a thing wholly set apart from the less degraded portion of human beings; that sanctified by my affinity to these, there was still a link of union between myself and the good of my species. It was a pure love, the purer, the stronger, the more enduring, for the self-humility that mingled with it. . . .

"The children themselves at first seemed to pursue their ordinary sports with less than their usual avidity. Often their little faces were turned wistfully towards me, when a word or sign from their mother recalled them to a sense of the coldness they were to observe to me. Children, however, released from surveillance, are not very capable of self-restraint, and all my doubts on the origin of their present estrangement were removed by my first *unwitnessed* interview with them.

"Brother Walter"—thus I had taught him to call me,—"Brother Walter,—no—no—not brother Walter—mamma says only *Walter*."

"I was stunned by the blow thus wantonly inflicted, not by the unconscious child, but by the mature cruelty of which he was the instrument. I had no words to express the unutterable bitterness of that anguish, and silently—despairingly—I turned away.

"I know not what there was in my countenance that awakened the child's compassion. Our nature is soon alive to sympathy, whether of pain or pleasure; the infant weeps all unknowing wherefore, if the eye on which he is accustomed to gaze, be filled with tears, and his smiles are ready equally to reflect back smiles.

"He ran after me, and leaped into my arms. 'Do not be sorry, brother Walter,' he said, caressing me, and pressing his sweet lips to my eyes, my cheeks, my lips, as if anxious that the abundance of his kisses should extract the poison of his words. 'I will play with you,

and love you, and call you brother Walter, for all mamma.' . . .

"And this is human nature!—so ran my thoughts, as I turned from my father's house towards the ruined city. One bears the shame of the sins of another, and the guilty is honoured and stands with a firm foot on the high places of the earth, whilst the fruit of his guilt is mercilessly crushed on the lowly pathway where he would fain find space to crawl! . . .

"I rested upon the spot where the palace of Aurungzebe had once stood. In Greece and Italy, although glory is departed, it has left in magnificence the print of its footsteps. But the ruins of this Asiatic capital are buried in dust and ashes. There is, indeed, the splendid tomb of the favourite daughter of the emperor to invite the admiration and the inspection of the curious, surrounded by its gardens, with their voiceless fountains, and displaying its brazen gates of the most various workmanship. Within, there is the gallery of pure white marble, whence you look down on the narrow resting-place of the far-descended dead, and you mock the folly of the living, which has marred its solemnity by the votive offerings of slips of coloured cloth! The place of the dead has survived the dwelling of the living. The sepulchre stands yet entire, but where are the glories amongst which she, its inmate, when yet a thing of life, lived and breathed? Alas! they were and are not; they are gone and have left no trace of light behind them! And then a voice spoke to my spirit of the instability of all that is human—of the shame of the world as well as its glory, of the certain silence of its contempt as of its applause. I placed my foot firmly where the throne of the mighty had stood, and I remembered how brief was the space that had intervened since the voice pronouncing the fiat of millions had sounded thence, and whence nought issued now more formidable than the sigh of one aching heart! This was a spot whereon to learn a lesson of deepest import. The bright moon shone above me, and the stars ran their eternal courses, and between their brightness and myself no cloud intervened more than if I had been the most honoured of the sons of men. The air breathed coolly and purely on my brow, and the silence around was more soothing to me than the sweetest words of consolation. It seemed as if I found, in the might and loveliness of creation, a sympathy and a companionship which all of human kind refused to vouchsafe me. Beneath, I saw the evidence of the weakness of earthly power, the evanescence of earthly glory; I trampled on the ashes of an empire: above, was the broad everlasting arch of heaven, with its worlds of splendour, bright and beaming as in the moment of creation: and I felt that I was not utterly outcast, for HE the UNCHANGEABLE looked even upon me!"

This is very admirable, and the whole tale is equal to it. We have not, indeed, chosen the more stirring and interesting passages, but, knowing that this journal has an extensive circulation, and is also quoted very largely, in India, we have a latent hope that the truths which may be learned from these extracts, may not be without some moral consequences.

Histoire des Français. Par J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi.—[*History of the French.* By J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi.] 17 vols. Paris & London: Treuttel & Würtz.

THIS French 'History of the French,' by far the best extant, is not the work of a Frenchman. M. Sismondi's ancestors were noblemen of Pisa, but became voluntary exiles from their country when Tuscany was sub-

jected to Medicean sovereignty. They first migrated to France, but, finding little liberty there, they sought a more congenial home at Geneva, of which republican town our author is a distinguished citizen. Sismondi's works upon the literature of southern Europe (*De la Littérature du Midi*), and upon Political Economy (*Nouveaux Principes d'Economie Politique*), and his 'History of the Italian Republics,' have so thoroughly established his fame, that, upon the present occasion, little more need be said, than that his 'Histoire des Français' will not lower his reputation. It exhibits merits and defects analogous to those of the 'History of the Italian Republics.' We here find the same indefatigable industry, and the same philosophic spirit, whence we often derive new views of transactions and of characters long disfigured by prejudice. We find the same ardent love of liberty, which we will not call excessive, though we may regret that it too often biases the author's otherwise sound judgment. We find, also, the same deficiency of that most essential quality of an historian, the power of selection and condensation; and, consequently, equal detail in the most important and the most unimportant affairs. The same diffusive character appears in the style; which, though lively and perspicuous, leaves a feeling of *lengthiness* (to speak American) not lessened by the numerous long extracts from old writers.

The seventeen volumes published, bring down the History only to the reign of Henry II.; and, without speculating upon the number that are still to come, we will select a few extracts from the latter volumes. He thus introduces the accession of Francis I. :—

The accession of Francis I. to the crown of France on the 1st of January 1515, the epoch of Louis XII.'s death, may be considered as marking the passage from the middle ages to modern times, and from antique barbarism to civilization. The transformations of the great masses of men, amongst whom new ideas and new passions are seen to germinate, are never sudden: centuries have prepared them in silence, and an attentive eye will have discerned, in a preceding age, the authors of the age that is about to unfold; yet, their action upon nations always has something unexpected, because the men who had singly formed themselves upon principles—upon feelings scarcely avowed, and less comprehended by their contemporaries, all at once perceive that they constitute the majority—that they are understood—that they shall be followed—and that they, in some sort, overflow the country which had not observed them. Thus began, simultaneously with the reign of the young monarch, a lively taste for letters and the arts, that signalized itself by many glorious monuments; a new delight in the pleasures of society, in wit, in the gallantry that corrupted morals, whilst it gave additional elegance to manners, an esteem for learning, a zeal for study, that especially honoured the magistracy of France, in whom science was soon seen united to dignity of character; and, finally, an independence of opinion: that, allowing men to investigate what they had believed, led some to new systems of philosophy, and others to reformations in religion. France, hitherto poor in writers, began to look at herself, to study herself; her follies and her vices, like her virtues and her learning, left their traces; and the double series was formed of courtly writers and of philosophers, of the friends of disorder and of those of wisdom; a series, never again interrupted, until the fall of Louis XVI.'s throne.

The new sovereign, Francis of Angoulême,

Duke of Valois, who gave the signal for this revolution, was not, in himself, powerful enough to have produced it. He was son to Charles of Angoulême, a cousin-German of Louis XII.; and, having been born at Cognac on the 12th of September, 1494, he was a few months turned of twenty. * * * His governor, Arthur Gouffier Sire de Boisy, vainly tried to inspire the Prince, whose mind he was forming, with an inclination to read any other books than romances of chivalry. From these Francis I. drew almost all his information; he formed himself upon the heroes of Arthur's Round Table, and of Charlemagne's Palace, not upon those of history; he desired to shine rather as an Amadis than as a sovereign; and his lofty stature, his beauty of feature, his skill in arms and all bodily exercises, his valour, which he had already had occasion to prove—in fine, his love of pleasure, which his young companions esteemed far above his moral qualities, all marked him out for the admiration of those who, like himself, knew the world only through romances. The Loyal Servitor of Bayard (the writer of Bayard's Memoirs) says of him, "Fair Prince was he, as much as ever was in the world; never had there been King in France in whom the nobility so joyed."

If it be asked, how a Prince, whose literary tastes were so very confined, acquired such celebrity as a judge as well as patron of literature, Sismondi gives an answer, sufficient, if not satisfactory:—

With what opprobrium soever the treaty of Cambrai ought to have covered Francis, on account of his desertion of all his partisans, it perhaps contributed beyond any other circumstance of his life, to his reaping the glory attached to his name as the protector and father of letters. * * * Francis knew enough of Italy to feel how much more civilized than the rest of Europe she was, and to regard her as the dispenser of fame; this was the motive that determined him always to turn his arms in that direction.

The misfortunes of Italy, of which he was the chief cause, determined a very considerable number of Italians to take shelter in his dominions; and, amongst them, arrived many philologists, poets, and men of science, as well as many painters and architects. The enthrallment of Florence especially filled his court and kingdom with emigrants. Those who had shone the brightest in the republic, were proscribed by Alessandro de' Medici, the tyrant to whom the Emperor and the Pope had subjected Tuscany. All Italy, trembling before the Emperor, was closed against them; they were compelled to seek an asylum in that very France that had forsaken them—to ask some relief, some compensation for their lost fortunes, of that very monarch who had betrayed them. The trade in panegyric, to which the litterati are but too prone, was established; and Francis received their flatteries in exchange for the pensions he granted them.

The leading, and the most interesting points of Francis's reign, as his quarrel with Bourbon, the battles of Marignano and of Pavia, and the King's captivity, consequent upon the last, being familiarly known to all readers, we shall make translations from portions of his history that have attracted less attention; and first, amongst these, his conduct relative to religion, presents itself. He set his successors a fearful, and a fearfully followed, example of persecution; but we should do him injustice did we not, in beginning this subject, place him in a more pleasing light. Upon the first appearance of Luther's reformation, our author tells us—

The monks denounced, almost as sacrilegious, the study of the Greek and Latin languages, and

of the Holy Scriptures. One of them said in the pulpit, "A new language has been found out, that is called Greek; it must be carefully guarded against. This language generates all heresies. I see in the hands of many persons a book written in this language; it is named *The New Testament*, and is full of brambles and vipers. As to Hebrew, all who learn that tongue forthwith become Jews."

In these violent declamations, Francis had seen only proofs of ignorance and of bigotry; only explosions of the jealousy and idleness of men, who, knowing nothing, found themselves suddenly at issue with learning. He had despised the clamour of those who required men's eyes to be closed against the light, and had protected the learned, notwithstanding the accusations of heresy constantly urged against them.

But this was in his better days; and Sismondi has not failed to exhibit him as a persecuting and cruel bigot, and the procession in June, 1528, with all its superstitions and revolting cruelties, is here recorded. But the disgusting brutality of Francis's apparent enjoyment in human suffering, must not be judged as it would at the present day; it is rather to be considered as a feature of the rude times, when sights that would now convulse the nerves of the strongest men, were too familiar to the most delicate women to excite feelings more acute than those now called forth by a well-acted tragedy. But if we thus palliate the King's ferocity, we are compelled to deny him the alleviating plea of honest bigotry, since he protected in other countries those opinions for which he tortured and burned his own subjects. Francis seems to have been swayed by three ruling passions, of which intolerant bigotry was one; the others being love of pleasure, and hatred of Charles V. When the third of these principles of action so far prevailed as to produce a war, the would-be chivalrous hero, with equal recklessness, violated his own plighted word, and made common cause with heretics and Mohammedans against his rival. When the voluptuary principle gained the ascendancy, or, rather, when its consequence, the dissipation of the funds requisite for carrying on hostilities, compelled him to renew the peace he had broken, the persecuting principle revived, and he seduced his female, whilst he burned his male subjects; for profligacy and religion were, in those days, deemed perfectly consistent.

The generosity of Francis in permitting Charles to traverse France as his only means of reaching Ghent in time to quell an insurrection, has been the theme of so much praise, that we shall give Sismondi's opinion on the subject; which is, that, as Charles spent three months in France amidst honours, hospitalities, and triumphs, he went thither, not to reach Ghent the quicker, but to accept his brother-in-law's reiterated invitations.

The following extracts are curiously illustrative of the state of manners and morals in the 16th century:—

Whilst Francis lay at the point of death, an anonymous contemporary relates, that "the Dauphin (Henry II.), tormented with regret and sorrow for the state in which he saw his father languishing, had thrown himself upon the bed of the Dauphiness (Catherine of Medicis), who lay weeping on the ground, making the doleful. On the contrary, the Grande Senechalle (Diane de Poitiers) and the Duke de Guise, who was then only Comte d'Aumale, were there; (in the Dauphiness's bedroom, the Dauphin's mistress!)

she, all gay and joyous, seeing the time of her triumph approach; he, walking about the Dauphiness's chamber; and, from time to time, going to the door for news; and, when he came back, saying, 'He's on the go, the gallant.'"

Francis I.'s obsequies were scarcely over, when François de Vivonne, Sieur de La Chataigneraye, entreated Henry II. to grant him the lists for a duel to the utterance with Guy Chabot, Sire de Jarnac. This duel offered a new example of the depravity of morals. A paper had been thrown into Henry's room containing the imprecation and curse pronounced upon Reuben, to intimate to the King that his mistress had formerly been his father's mistress. Henry, far from being shocked at the insinuation, amused himself with finding similar instances around him; and he had affirmed, that Jarnac was the paramour of his step-mother—that it was with the money he received from her he made a figure at court. Jarnac, affecting not to know the source of the imputation, had repelled it as a calumny. La Chataigneraye, who was esteemed the best swordsman in France, and who was already one of the King's favourites, thought to raise himself yet higher, by adopting a quarrel that his master durst not own. He acknowledged the slander, averring, that Jarnac himself was his authority. Henry allowed the duel, convinced that it must be fatal to Jarnac. The lists were opened at six o'clock in the morning of the 10th of July, at St. Germain-en-Laye. The King was present with his whole court; the Duke of Aumale acted as godfather to La Chataigneraye, Charles Gouffier de Boisy in the same capacity to Jarnac; the choice of weapons was conducted according to all the old rites of chivalry. When, at length, one of the heralds pronounced the words, "Let the good combatants go," they rushed upon and attacked each other with their swords. Suddenly, La Chataigneraye fell, wounded in the ham, in an unexpected manner, whence came the proverb of a *stroke of Jarnac's*. The victor would not dispatch him, but alternately called out to him, "Give me back my honour;" and, coming to the King, exclaimed, "Take him, Sire; I give him to you." La Chataigneraye would not yield, and the King hesitated long in silence ere he accepted the gift. Meanwhile, the vanquished was carried off the field, the victor was embraced by the King, who said to him, "You have fought like a Caesar, and spoken like an Aristotle;" and, as La Chataigneraye died, more of shame and vexation than of the depth of his wounds, from which he tore off the bandages, Henry II. being thus rid of a witness whom he might have found inconvenient, thenceforward took Jarnac into his favour.

Trifling errors about England are so incessant amongst continental writers, as to be seldom worth noticing. But we confess we were surprised to find a historian, so much connected with this country as Sismondi, gravely stating, that—

Edward VI. could not acknowledge his two sisters as legitimate, without admitting a serious charge against his own mother, that might provoke a doubt whether he himself were legitimate.

As Anne Boleyn was beheaded the day before Jane Seymour was married, the validity of the former's marriage could in no wise affect the validity of the marriage of the latter; and Catherine of Aragon had died during Anne Boleyn's life. No Catholic ever did, or ever could call Edward VI.'s legitimacy in question.

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The Chameleon. Third and last Series. London: Longman.

This is the third season of this very pleasing annual. It is, as our readers may know, of the West of Scotland; and though it makes no attempt at competing in pictorial beauty with our London publications of the like nature, we cannot help thinking that it almost compensates for this by the variety of its papers, for it unites all the lighter and more pleasing kinds of composition, from an epigram to an essay. The editor, or rather author, is a man of talent and enterprise; his verses have sweetness, his prose is agreeable and flowing; and he communicates his information, which is extensive, in an easy and direct manner. We see, and not without a swelling of the heart, that there is some fears for his life; he is suffering under a dangerous disease; he has sailed away to seek that health on a distant shore which his own land denies him, and has hurried out this volume before his departure, "that it might not be posthumous." There are altogether one hundred and twenty-six articles: some gay and airy, others grave and tender. The stories are generally natural and unlaboured; and there is a good deal of varied information scattered over the work. The very valuable article on literary property, might be read with advantage by all who live by literature, or who wish well to it.

A Manual of Experiments illustrative of Chemical Science. Systematically arranged by John Murray. London: Highley.

From the title-page of this work we learn that Mr. Murray is F.S.A., F.L.S., F.H.S., F.G.S.; that he is Member of the Meteorological Society of London, and of the Wernerian Society of Edinburgh; "Honorary Member" of the Medico-chirurgical Society of Hull, of the Medical Society of Inverness, of five Philosophical Societies, and nine Mechanics' Institutes; "Corresponding Member" of the Northern Institution, the Horticultural Society of Edinburgh, &c. Furthermore, he has written 'Elements of Chemistry,' 'Remarks on Modern Paper,' Ditto on the 'Cultivation of the Silk Worm,' and 'a Descriptive account of a New Shower-bath, and an apparatus for suspended animalion';—this last we presume is a new kind of gibbet. Also 'Researches in Natural History,' 'the Beauties and Sublimities of Switzerland,' 'Remarks on Hydrophobia, and 'An invention for Saving from Shipwreck;' 'A Memoir on the Diamond,' 'a Treatise on Pulmonary Consumption,' 'The Truth of Revelation proved from Gems, Coins, and Medals,' and 'a Description of a New Lightning Conductor!' And now if our readers do not know who Mr. Murray is, it is not our fault,—nor his.

"Rien," says La Bruyere, "ne fait mieux comprendre le peu de chose que Dieu croit donner aux hommes en leur abandonnant les richesses, l'argent, les établissements et les autres biens que le genre d'hommes qui en sont les mieux pourvus." We are afraid, that, judged by this rule, the value of literary distinctions, in the shape of alphabetical lists after men's names, must rapidly decline. Gravelly to announce himself as 'Honorary Member' of the *Mechanics' Institutes* of Exeter, Devonport, Portsmouth, Hull, York, Scarborough, Huddersfield, Halifax, and

Bristol, was, however, a ludicrous absurdity left for Mr. John Murray, and we award him the full praise of originality. We regret that he should have done anything so ridiculous, as we think we had at a former period the pleasure of commending, at least for accuracy of compilation, a little treatise he wrote on the Diamond.

The present work has reached a third edition; why, the public only, in their infinite wisdom, can tell. It is one thing to exercise an art, another to have the power of conveying information respecting it. We do not doubt Mr. Murray's skill in the former; he says he is a practical chemist,—and may be a druggist for all we know,—but we more than doubt his competency to write works on the subject; and as we never confine ourselves to general assertions, we ask, what would an intelligent chemical student, "a tyro in the science," as Mr. Murray calls him, think of the following mode of drawing a conclusion?

"When two measures of hydrogen, and one measure of oxygen, are exploded by flame or the electric spark, the product is water, and the gases disappear; if we, however, double the amount of oxygen, while that of the hydrogen remains the same, one measure of the oxygen will be left. It is from hence very evident that there can be no intermediates, that two cannot combine with three, nor three with four; that in fact one must be a simple multiple of the rest, or a unit that never changes, while the other rises in a specific ratio."

Because two measures of hydrogen cannot be made to unite with two of oxygen, therefore "it is very evident there can be no intermediates, that two cannot combine with three, nor three with four!" This is what Partridge would call a *non sequitur*; yet Mr. Murray is here stating what as a general law is correct, though chemists have not succeeded in reducing some stubborn cases within it, inasmuch that Berzelius reduced the exceptions to a distinct law, viz. "two atoms of one element combine with three and five atoms of another." But we do not mean to enter into the chemical question at present: we merely wish to show, that even where Mr. Murray may be right, he cannot convince a student that he is so. As to the rest of the sentence, it would equally puzzle Mr. Murray's "tyro" to understand how "one, or a unit, that never changes," could be a "simple multiple of the rest," which we suppose means the other whole numbers, though he could very well conceive its being a *submultiple*; and as to the others "rising in a specific ratio," this ratio might be fractional as well as integral, and therefore the sentence again fails to express what Mr. Murray would or should have said.

Suppose, however, the "tyro" has gotten over this difficulty, and knows that water is composed of two measures of hydrogen to one of oxygen, and that oxygen is, volume for volume, sixteen times as heavy as hydrogen, so that, if we adopt the atomic theory, and suppose the hydrogen of water to be represented by 1, the oxygen must be represented by 8; how will he understand the following sentence?

"According to Mr. Brande, water would be thus numerically represented, 1 atom of hydrogen = 1 + to 1 atom of oxygen = 8. Hence the number representing water would be 9; but hydrogen being, volume for volume, 16 times

lighter than oxygen; in the latter case it would be 1, + 16 = 17."

Now, what does "it" mean? According to the grammar of the sentence, "it" should refer to hydrogen; though, perhaps, we are wrong in saying this, for Mr. Murray's ingenious method of punctuation makes us quite at a loss where to find the antecedent. However, as "hydrogen" would make nonsense, let us suppose that "the number representing water" is the antecedent, and Mr. Murray's assertion will then be, that "in the latter case the number representing water would be 1 + 16 = 17." What is meant by the "latter case" we do not understand; but as to the composition of water, and the numbers by which it is to be expressed, there are just two ways of calculation, by volume, and by weight. According to the former, water consists of 2 volumes hydrogen to 1 oxygen; according to the latter, of 1 proportional (say 1 grain) of hydrogen to 8 proportionals (say 8 grains) of oxygen in every 9 grains of water. The mistake Mr. Murray makes is in supposing that, because oxygen is, volume for volume, 16 times heavier than hydrogen, therefore the oxygen in water is, by weight, to the hydrogen as 16 to 1. But he forgot, what he had himself stated not five lines before, that oxygen and hydrogen do not unite "volume for volume" to form water, but one volume of the former to two of the latter; consequently, in representing water by weight, he should either have multiplied his 1 or divided his 16 by 2. His present notation, 16 + 1 = 17, represents a very different fluid, the deutoxide of hydrogen.

In these passages Mr. Murray, we think, has puzzled the "tyro" and himself; in the oratorical passages of his work, for there are such, he has puzzled us. Take, for instance, this in praise of the modern chemical nomenclature:—

"Were the nomenclature of this science the exclusive property of any people or country, it would be a 'sealed fountain' to all else beside; but since chemistry is the birthright of all, her legend must be formed of plastic materials obtained from a common source, that all may read the history of her wonders. The terms of the modern nomenclature are therefore obtained from that language which is venerable for antiquity—the vehicle of classic song, which has ever formed an essential part of the scholastic studies of Europe—significant epithets are employed, having their root in this spring of universal recognition, and are selected as descriptive of the form and character of chemical research."

This "spring of universal recognition" we have guessed to be our old friend the *March* of intellect; a "legend" formed of "plastic materials" we own to be a little mysterious; but we are totally at a loss how such names as iodine and chlorine, which Mr. Murray himself selects as examples of the new nomenclature, can be called "descriptive of the form and character of chemical research," because they inform us that the vapour of one of these substances is blue, and the colour of the other is green. Mr. Murray professes also great respect for "the Greek numerals, *deuto*, *trito*, &c.;" and tells us, "We have also binoxalate, quadroxalate, and tetraoxalate of potassa, or potassa combined with two, four, or five, proportionals of oxalic acid." We are sorry to find that Mr. Murray has got no farther in his Greek numerals than "*deuto*, *trito*, &c.;" however,

as this compound of one proportional of potassa to five of oxalic acid is rather a novelty, if he will have the kindness to communicate his discovery to us, we shall in return help him to a name which, as he himself says, "being descriptive, shall become both apposite and appropriate." From the Greek numerals Mr. Murray transfers his attention to the Greek alphabet, and having found that a bent tube from its S-like figure was by chemists usually denominated "sigmoid," he forthwith metamorphoses "sigmoid" into a respectable gentleman, living, we presume, towards the end of Alpha Road; and at p. 145 figures "A gas bottle with Sigmoid's tube"!

Mr. Murray has invented an ingenious little apparatus for the employment of ether in vapour as a prime mover, which he depicts and describes at page 141. The ether being vaporized drives forward a double-headed piston in a horizontal tube placed, like the beam of a scale, on a fulcrum at its centre. The ether being then condensed by cold, the atmospheric air entering the tube drives back the double-headed piston to the other side of the fulcrum, and so the weight of the piston causes the tube to incline alternately to the one side and the other. As this requires hot water for the vaporisation of the ether, and a furnace to keep the water hot, did it never occur to Mr. Murray that he might turn his furnace and water to better account in the way of generating power, than employing them to move a little piston backward and forward which merely acted by its weight? It rather recalls to our recollection the machine invented by the worthy Laputan Philosopher for cutting cabbage, which was to be worked by two horses! Your men of great original genius seldom agree. Newton and Leibnitz could not settle the differential calculus; Berzelius, sooner than adopt Mr. Dalton's atomic theory, chose to invent one of his own, which, indeed, differed but little from Mr. Dalton's, except in being a great deal more cumbersome and complicated; and Mr. Murray chooses to run a tilt at Gay-Lussac respecting fulminic acid. "We cannot comprehend," says Mr. Murray, "the extraordinary dogma to which we should be lead (Mr. Murray's favourite metal) by Gay-Lussac's deduction—namely, that identity of constituents, as well as identity in their relative ratio, do not of necessity imply identity of constitution."

And yet, Mr. Murray, you will scarcely tell us that acetic acid is the same as succinic, though it would puzzle you to point out a difference in their constituents, or the relative ratio which these bear; nor will you assign the same qualities to olefiant gas, Mr. Faraday's quadro-carburetted hydrogen, and the naphtha from coal-tar, though they rank thus—

	Carb.	Hyd.	
Olefiant gas	2	+	2
Quadro-carburetted hydrogen	4	+	4
Naphtha from coal-tar . . .	6	+	6

In which table you find no want of identity either in the constituents or their relative proportions.

One more little word and we have done. Mr. Murray tells us, that, respecting the principle of the safety-lamp, "he differs *toto cælo* from Sir Humphrey Davy." When the French pedants accused Voltaire of not knowing orthography—"So much the worse for orthography," was the dry remark of Riverol.

Les Cent-et-Une Nouvelles nouvelles des Cent-et-Un. Vol. I. Paris: Ladvocat; London, Dulau & Co.

A variety of other matters has caused us, for some time, to overlook the promise under which we lie to our readers, of giving them a taste of this pleasant volume,—whose appearance and character we announced in a former number. The tales, of which there are eleven, are all too long for the capabilities of our paper in the way of extract, and would, for the most part, suffer by abridgment. But we think the imaginative portion of our friends, (and we trust that, even in this prosaic age, there are still many such, among the readers of the *Athenæum*), will thank us for presenting them with the following translation, from parts of a very agreeable and cleverly-written paper, by M. Charles Nodier, elected, since the publication of the volume, a member of the Academy.

Jean-François les Bas Bleus.

The rage for the *fantastic* † in literature has somewhat abated, and so much the better. The imagination is too apt to abuse the fertility of its resources; and even the fertile imagination does not always succeed in the *fantastic*. The first essential condition for writing a good fanciful history, is to have a firm faith in it oneself; and no one believes in that which he invents. It is sure, therefore, to happen, that some combination of events too artificially arranged, some conceit too far-fetched, or some trait rather too ingenious, will creep in, to betray the sceptic in his own tale—the illusion is at once dispelled. * * *

Never will I write a *fantastic* tale, unless my own faith in it be as sincere as in the most common records of my memory, or the most ordinary events of my existence. Yet do I not, therefore, submit my reason or my understanding to the sway of those cold and severe spirits who absolutely deny the existence or the truth of the *fantastic*. True it is, that I differ from them, by certain modes of seeing, feeling, and judging; but it is equally true, that they differ from me; and I do not recognize in myself any glaring and admitted defect of organization which should call upon me to submit the perceptions of my senses or my conscience to the capricious dictation of a dissenting authority, whose ground of opposition may, after all, be no better than a presumptuous ignorance. America was a *fantastic* world, before the days of Christopher Columbus.

Set before me an ignorant man, but confident in his own wisdom, as fools generally are,—who shall happen to have a grain of iron in his eye. "Friend!" I might say to him, "there is found in Asia Minor, (a country which is far from this,) a singular stone, which would, in an instant, cure your wounded and inflamed eye, if you could but look upon it closely. It is a strange and mysterious truth, of which no explanation can be given, save that God has so willed it;—and it is the sole stone in all this world which could relieve you."

"A truce with your old wives' tales, about an Eastern stone!" this man would probably answer;—"I am no subject for the tricks of a charlatan."

You will observe, that I have already supposed this man to be a fool,—which is half-way towards being a philosopher.

"It happens," I might then answer, "that, during my travels in far lands, I passed this mountain; and that I have, at this moment, a

† We have retained the word *fantastic*, because it is used by the French to describe a particular style introduced by French writers from the German, and which, though going out of fashion, has still much influence on their literature.

fragment of that stone set in the rings which I wear; so that we are in a condition to make the experiment of its virtue."

So saying, I should advance the Asiatic stone towards the afflicted part, and the strange body which caused the pain would at once fly towards it; for that Asiatic stone is the magnet. The magnet has properties which are *fantastic* to those who have not proved them. And thus it is with a thousand other powers in nature, which are known only to the few; and a million of wonders, still more occult, which are known to none.

So much premised, I am ready to relate a *fantastic* history; which shall contain no invention of mine. Form of it what judgment you please.

In the year 1793, there was, at Besançon, an idiot—a mono-maniac—a fool. He was called "Jean-François T—", but more commonly, in the language of the common people, and of the students, "Jean-François les Bas Bleus," from the circumstance of his invariably wearing blue stockings. He was a young man of four or five and twenty years of age, as well as I remember—tall, and well formed, and of the noblest physiognomy conceivable. His thick black hair, worn without powder, and brushed away from the forehead—his bushy eyebrows remarkable for their mobility—his large eyes, full of a mild and tender expression, which was only qualified by a certain habit of seriousness—the harmony of his fine features, and the almost unearthly sweetness of his smile, formed, altogether, a combination capable of inspiring affection and respect, even in that coarse and vulgar part of the populace which follows, with its stupid mockeries, throughout the streets of our towns, the most touching of all the infirmities of man. "It is Jean-François les Bas Bleus," would they whisper to one another, as he passed along, "the child of an honest house, who never said evil of his neighbour, or did him wrong; and who, they say, became a fool from over-wisdom. Let him pass quietly, that you may not increase his malady."

And so, in fact, would Jean-François pass by, unmolested by all, and heeding none;—for his eye, whose expression no language of mine can paint—was never fixed upon the horizon; but up-turned towards heaven—with which the dreamer (for Jean-François was a visionary,) seemed to hold a secret intercourse, expressed only by the perpetual movement of his lips.

The costume of the poor creature was, nevertheless, of a kind to amuse the passers by; especially the passing stranger. Jean-François was the son of a worthy tailor, of the Rue d'Anvers, who had spared no expense upon his education, encouraged by the great promise of the boy, and in the design of making him a priest, the fame of whose preaching was, one day, to raise him into the rank of the Episcopacy. He had, in fact, carried off the prizes of all his classes; and the learned Abbé Barbelet, the Quintilian of our fathers, often, during the young man's after-wanderings, sought intelligence as to the fortunes of his favourite pupil; but no cheering answer was destined ever again to repay his benevolent inquiries. The old tailor, who had a number of other children, had, therefore, felt himself called upon to retrench in the expenses which he had hitherto incurred for Jean-François; and he latterly clothed him in those chance garments which the opportunities of his trade offered, or in the cast-off clothes of his younger brothers, elaborately repaired for the purpose. This sort of habiliment, so ill adapted to his tall and fine form, which stuffed it, as it were, into a skin, from which, at all points, it seemed ready to burst, and left his arms sticking far out from the narrow sleeves of his green frock, had something about it pitifully burlesque.

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One of the most striking peculiarities of the mental weakness of this young man was, that it was apparent only in those conversations which turned upon subjects of no importance, or in which the mind was occupied with familiar objects. If accented with a remark which had reference to the weather, the theatre, the journals, the gossip of the town, or even the affairs of the nation, he listened with attention and replied with courtesy; but the words which issued from his lips crowded so tumultuously forth, that they fell before the end of the first sentence, into irretrievable confusion: and expressed an indescribable balderdash, from the mist of which he could on no account extricate his thoughts. On and on he went, however, increasing in unintelligibility, and exchanging, more and more, the simple and logical diction of the plain and reasonable man for the prattle of the child, who has not learned the value of the words he uses, or the babble of the old man, who has forgotten it.

And then the hearer laughed;—and Jean-François stopped, without anger, and perhaps without consciousness; and lifted his large blue eyes to heaven, as if he sought for inspirations more worthy of him, in that region where he had treasured up all his ideas and all his sentiments.

But not so, when the discourse took a serious and positive direction on some interesting question of morality or science; then the divergent and scattered rays of that distempered intelligence gathered themselves together, like those of the sun in the burning glass of Archimedes, and flung such brilliance upon his conversation, as made it doubtful whether Jean-François had ever been more learned, more clear, or more persuasive, even in the best days of his strong and unimpaired reason. The most abstruse problems of the exact sciences, (which he had made his especial study,) were mere playthings in the grasp of his concentrated intellect; and their solution passed with such rapidity from his mind to his mouth, that it seemed less the result of reflection and calculation, than of some mechanical operation, produced by the impulse of a touch, or the action of a spring.

Our author then proceeds to relate certain conversations which he held with the visionary, on his daily passage to and from the college, illustrative of the peculiarities which he has endeavoured to describe in the deranged structure of the poor scholar's mind, and in the earnest wish to penetrate, as he expresses himself, "the secret of his double existence." From these, however, we shall pass to the more narrative parts of the paper,—that is, to those portions in which the abstractions of the scholar are represented in mysterious connexion with striking facts; and of which portions our readers are to form what judgment they please, for we shall only premise that M. Nodier seems very much in earnest.

A month had scarcely elapsed from the day of the interview with the visionary which I have last detailed;—and this time I am sure of my date. It was the very day on which recommenced the scholastic year, after six weeks of vacation, counting from the 1st of September, and consequently was the 16th of October, 1793. It was near mid-day, and I was returning from my college in a gayer mood than that in which I had approached it, with two of my companions, whose road home lay in the same direction, when, on arriving at a certain open space, at which our routes separated, we were simultaneously struck with the appearance and contemplative attitude of Jean-François les Bas Bleus, who had planted himself, like a guide-post, in the very centre of the space, motionless,

with crossed arms, an air of pensive thought, and eyes intently fixed upon an elevated point of the western horizon. A few passers-by had, by degrees, gathered round him, and vainly followed with their looks, the direction of his, in search of the extraordinary object which appeared to absorb his attention.

"What is he looking at?" said one to the other.

"I will inform you," said I, shouldering my way through the crowd and approaching the visionary. "Tell us, Jean-François," I continued, carefully avoiding such language as might recall him from his lofty speculations, "what novelty has struck you this morning, in that subtle matter of space wherein revolve so many worlds?"

"Know you not, as well as I?" he solemnly replied, uncrossing his arms, and slowly describing, with the point of his finger a long segment of a circle, from the horizon to the zenith. "Follow with your eyes that track of blood, and you will see Marie-Antoinette Queen of France, on her way to heaven!"

At this explanation, the curious by-standers dispersed, shrugging their shoulders, and I went on my way, marvelling only how Jean-François should have stumbled correctly upon the name of the last of our queens; it belonging properly to the category of those ordinary matters of notorious fact, of which he had long since lost all recollection.

That day, my father entertained at dinner two or three friends; and one of his guests, a stranger in the town, kept the company waiting a considerable time.

"Excuse me," said he, as he at length took his place at table, "there was a rumour abroad, on the faith of private letters, that the Queen Marie-Antoinette, was about to be brought to trial; and I waited the arrival of the courier of the 13th. The papers say nothing about it."

"Marie-Antoinette Queen of France," said I confidently, "died on the scaffold this morning a few minutes before twelve, as I was on my return from college!"

"Great God!" cried my father, "who can have told you that?"

I blushed with confusion; but I had gone too far to pause.

"Jean-François les Bas Bleus," replied I, with a faltering voice.

I dared not lift my eyes towards my father's face. His extreme indulgence towards me could not re-assure me as to the displeasure which I felt conscious my heedlessness must cause him.

"Jean-François les Bas Bleus!" said he, smiling. "Happily, we need not be disquieted about news coming from such a quarter."

"Who," said my father's friend, "is this Jean-François les Bas Bleus, who records events of a hundred leagues distance, at the moment at which, by his calculations, they are happening?—a sleep-walker, a convulsionary, or a disciple of Mesmer, or of Cagliostro?"

"Something of the kind," replied my father, "but more worthy of interest than either. He is a sincere and *bond fide* visionary, a harmless maniac, a poor fool, who is pitied in proportion as he well deserved to have been loved. Sprung from an honourable but indigent family of artisans, he became its hope and pride, and promised to justify both. The first year of a trifling magisterial office, which I discharged in this place, was the last of his studies. My arm was weary of crowning him; and the varied nature of his triumphs added to their value; for it appeared scarcely a labour to him to open all the gates of human knowledge. The hall of exhibition was shaken as if it would have fallen, by the applauses which greeted him when, finally, he advanced to receive the prize for good conduct, and the virtues of an exemplary youth,

without which all others are as nothing. There was no father there, that day, who would not have been proud to reckon Jean-François amongst his sons. . . .

"You have heard of the beautiful Madame de Sainte A——; she was at that time in Franche Comté, where her family have left so many recollections; she was seeking a tutor for her son, and the glory which had gathered about the humble name of Jean-François, directed her choice to him. Unhappily (but from this point of my tale, I know nothing, except as the result of some very imperfect inquiries,) the beautiful mother who had thus rewarded the youthful talent of Jean-François, had, besides her son, a daughter alike beautiful. Poor Jean-François could not look upon her without love; and, conscious of the impossibility that he should ever lift himself to her level, he seems to have sought relief from the anguish of a hopeless and unconquerable attachment, (which has never betrayed its own secret but in the first moments of his malady,) by giving himself up to studies dangerous for his reason, to the dreams of the occult sciences, and the visions of an exalted spiritualism. In the end, his mind became a wreck; and, sent home from Corbeil (the abode of his protectors,) with all the care which his condition demanded, no ray of light has broken the darkness of his spirit, since his return into the bosom of his family. Thus, you see, we need not found our fears upon any of his reports; and may dine without alarming ourselves about the present one."

The next day, however, it was known at Besançon that the Queen was on her trial; and two days more brought the intelligence of her death.

My father greatly feared the impression which might be produced on me by the extraordinary agreement between this prediction and its event. He spared no pains to convince me that chance was fruitful in such coincidences; and he quoted twenty examples of it, which, he said, were arguments only in the mouth of ignorant credulity—philosophy and religion alike forbidding their use as such.

A few weeks after this, I set out for Strasbourg, where I was to enter upon a new course of studies. The period was unfavourable to the doctrines of the spiritualists, and I had no trouble in forgetting Jean-François, amid the crowd of emotions which each new day brought forth, to agitate the heart of society.

Circumstances, however, brought me back to Besançon in the spring. One morning, (I think it was the 3rd Messidor) I had entered my father's study, to embrace him, as was my custom, before setting out on my daily excursion in search of plants and butterflies: "Poor Jean-François," said he, pointing to the newspaper which he held in his hand, "need no longer be pitted for the loss of his reason. Better, far better, for him to be the idiot he is, than to have learned the tragical fate of his benefactress, his pupil, and the beautiful girl, whom rumour names as the first cause of the overthrow of his mind; these innocent beings have swelled the list of those who daily fall beneath the axe of the executioner."

"Can this be true!" cried I. "I have forbidden to speak to you latterly of Jean-François, because I know that you fear the influence over me, of certain mysterious notions which I have imbibed from him—but he is dead!"

"Dead!"—cried my father, earnestly,— "when did he die?"

"Three days ago,—the 29th Prairial. He had remained, motionless, since the morning, in the centre of the same open space where I met him on the day of the Queen's death. There was a crowd about him as usual, though he preserved the most profound silence; and so deep was his abstraction that no question could draw him out

of it. About four o'clock, his attention seemed to redouble; and in a few minutes after, he raised his hands towards heaven, with a remarkable expression of enthusiasm or of anguish, staggered a few steps forward, as he uttered the names of the three victims whom you have just mentioned, gave a wild cry, and fell. The by-standers crowded round to lift him up. He was dead!"

"The 29th Prairial, at a few minutes past four," said my father slowly reading from the journal—"it is indeed the day and the hour! Mark! continued he, after a moment of reflection, and fixing his eyes, earnestly, on mine,—"do not refuse me one thing which I am about to ask of you. If ever, in after-life, you shall tell this tale, promise me that you will not give it as a fact. You would but be laughed at."

"Is there any reason," I answered respectfully, "which should deter a man from publicly avouching that which he knows to be a truth?"

"There is one," replied my father, shaking his head, "which is worth all the rest. It is a truth which is of no value!"

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

'*An Essay on the Roman Villas of the Augustan Age*, by Thomas Moule, Esq.—We trust that the success of this work will induce the author to persevere in his design of completing a History of Domestic Architecture, for we have rarely met a volume containing so much information in so pleasing a form. The portion of the work that treats of the Roman remains found in Britain, is interesting; for, strange to say, more is popularly known of the antiquities of foreign lands than of our own. The discovery of the Roman tessellated pavements at Bignor, proves that the Romans lived with great splendour in this island. Pompeii itself scarcely affords more magnificent mosaics: the fight of gladiators, in what seems to have been the principal room, is executed with extraordinary grace and spirit. From the situation of these remains at the extremity of the fine Roman causeway, called in the old itineraries, Stone Streets, from their richness, their extent, and the ingenuity of the contrivances for heating the rooms, it would seem that Bignor was the residence either of some petty sovereign, or the provincial governor. Whoever was the owner, he showed good taste in selecting a situation, for there is not a more delightful spot in the whole county. These and other relics sufficiently prove King's error, in asserting that tessellated floors, in Britain, merely mark the site of a general's tent; the time and labour which such works must have required would assuredly not have been bestowed on temporary structures. To return to Mr. Moule: his work should form a part of every classical library; it elucidates not merely the architecture, but the domestic habits and customs of the Romans; and it possesses the rare merit of more than fulfilling the professions of its title-page.

'*The Prediction*, 3 vols.—This novel belongs to a class of fictions, whose popularity, in its best days questionable, has long since descended "to the tomb of all the Capulets." Intricacy of plot, abundance of incident, and complication of mystery, are its merits, but they scarce atone for the want of individuality, both in the scenery and the characters. The Lakes of Killarney and Geneva, the valleys of Switzerland, and the banks of the Arno, are assigned as the localities for the chief events in the story, but, for aught that appears, they might have been transferred to Paddington, Picnic, and Poplar, if these districts possessed an old abbey, or a ruined castle. The writer manifestly got entangled in the mazes of the plot, and could find no better expedient to get out than murder by wholesale; in the last chapter, the curtain falls on a stage of carcasses, and "Moonshine and Wall are left to bury the dead."

'*A Dissertation on the Pyramids*.'—This should rather be called a dissertation on the Tower of Babel and the Ark of Noah, things about which the author can know nothing, and which therefore enable him to substitute guesses for research, and conjectures for information.

'*Boucher's Archaic Glossary*, Part II.—Those who love to study the old English writers, to become acquainted with the history of our language, or to learn the relics of the Anglo-Saxon still preserved in our provincial proverbs, will find this work a useful companion. It supplies the omissions in Johnson and Webster, and contains an immense store of curious antiquarian information.

'*Meidurger's Etymological Dictionary*.'—This is a comparative dictionary of the Teuto-gothic languages, especially the Gothic, Scandinavian, German, Swedish and English, showing their mutual connexion and their common Asiatic origin. It is a work of immense research, and is more practical than similar productions of German scholars usually are.

'*The New Gil Blas*, by H. D. Inglis, 2nd edit.—A cheap edition of an entertaining work is always welcome to us, and this will be, we have no doubt, to the public; but why is it that Mr. Inglis has not corrected some of the errors we pointed out in the former edition? It is true, that we now read Peñaflo in the title-page, but the error is retained in the body of the work; so too, *coronel* for *coronela*, *a far Andaluz* for *a fair Andaluza*—*Habemos morir*, too, we have stumbled on in turning hastily over the pages.

'*Peter Simple*, by the Author of 'Newton Foster'.'—We have so often praised these Papers as they appeared in the *Metropolitan*, that it now only remains for us to announce that they have been collected and published in three legitimate novel volumes.

'*Valpy's Shakespeare*, Vol. IX. to XIII.'—We heretofore acknowledged, that, to our taste, this is the very neatest and pleasantest edition of the great dramatist within our knowledge. We say nothing, and care nothing, for the one hundred and seventy illustrations. The book is worth the price without them.

'*THE NATURALIST'S LIBRARY. Humming Birds*, Vol. II.—The plates in this continue as beautiful as in the former numbers. A memoir of Pennant accompanies the present. We have before hinted, that we do not consider Biography as Sir William Jardine's forte: it would appear that he does not excel in adaptation either. The connexion between Pennant and humming birds is not particularly obvious, nor would a better selection have been at all difficult. The next volume is to contain the Feline tribe; we hope to be able to recommend it for something beyond the mere illustrations. A Memoir of Cuvier is to accompany it.

'*The Library of Ecclesiastical Knowledge*, No. 44, 45 and 46.—The name of a "Library" should not be given to a series of controversial tracts, advocating the principles of the Independent dissenters. The subjects discussed do not come within the legitimate province of our reviews, and the literary merit of the specimens before us, is far from being such as would induce us to transgress our limits.

'*Wood's Index Entomologicus*.'—Portraits of butterflies, drawn from nature, and in general well coloured, at a penny a piece. A catalogue is added, containing the Linnaean and English names, a list of synonyms, and an account of the habitat of the species. Two or three parts have already appeared.

'*The Practice of Isometrical Perspective*.'—Some of Mr. Jopling's articles in the *Mechanic's Magazine*, have already prepared the world for this very useful little work. It is one of the most useful to the students of architectural drawing, that has appeared for many years. We

were particularly pleased with the application of the principle to the delineation of the cylinder.

'*The Conchologist's Companion*, by Mary Roberts.'—A pleasing little romance about shells, written by a lady of cultivated and imaginative mind. It bears almost the same relation to a real account of molluscous animals, that Scott's Tales of the Crusaders would do to an authentic history, if such existed; but it is well calculated to invite attention to the study which seems to have afforded Miss Roberts so many hours of harmless gratification, as it contains well-wrought descriptions of scenery, popular anecdotes of shells, their uses, appearance, and geographical distribution, interspersed with occasional snatches of poetry, original or selected; amongst the former of which are some displaying a correct taste and no little power.

The illustrations are in general nicely executed, though the drawings from which they were made might in some cases have been improved in accuracy; but we feel bound to mention the little Nautilus in the title-page, which strikes us as a very beautiful specimen of wood engraving.

'*A Series of Anatomical Plates, with References and Physiological Comments*. Edited by Jones Quain, M.D., Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in the University of London.—An excellent set of plates for the student, designed in a fine, rough, striking style of lithography. We can scarcely consider it an error that some parts—for instance, the muscles that draw upwards and forwards the ear—are delineated with more than the distinctness of nature, as it will save them from being cut away without notice, a common error of young anatomists. In Plate 1. the superficial muscle of the neck is admirably done, so as to permit of the subjacent parts being seen through its membranous portions. Perhaps we might have wished that the artist had carried a few of its fibres beyond the base of the jaw in front, to show its connexion with the muscle which draws down the corners of the mouth—a connexion, the effects of which are particularly to be noticed in a child during violent fits of sobbing and crying. It also appears, that the fibres of the external oblique muscle of the abdomen have been suffered to intrude on the sheath of the straight muscle. But these are very trifling errors: the general execution is admirable. Of the accompanying physiological letter-press, it is sufficient to say, that it comes from the pen of Professor Quain.

'*A Dictionary of Practical Medicine*, by James Copland, M.D.—Two Parts of this work are now before us, and we are really surprised at the quantity of valuable matter condensed into so small a space. To remedy the inconveniences attending an alphabetical arrangement, the author promises a preparatory essay on the classification of diseases according to pathological principles, and in natural order, commencing with the simplest and most limited states of functional disorder, advancing through the more extended and complicated diseases to those affecting the whole frame, and concluding with such as consist chiefly of morbid structure. This will at once afford a key to the systematic study of practical medicine, and a Catalogue raisonné of the contents of the work. It is to accompany the fourth Part, with which the work is to conclude, though we scarcely see how the author can sufficiently treat of all the remaining subjects in so small a space, having already exhausted two numbers without getting farther than the article 'Climate.' The lists of authors appended to each subject seem constructed with accuracy, and evince much laborious research; they will be of the highest importance in directing the student to the best sources of information.

'*Obstetric Tables*, by G. Spratt, Surgeon.—These tables are intended to facilitate the ac-

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quirement of obstetric knowledge, or assist in recalling it to those by whom it may have been once possessed, and then suffered to fall into oblivion through disuse. They consist of plates similar to Tuson's plates of the muscles, in which, by raising successive layers, the deeper lying parts are brought into view. We hope they may repay the author for the labour and pains he has evidently bestowed on them: their general accuracy, together with their moderate price, will recommend them to those who need their assistance.

'*A Treatise on Vision*, by Alexander Alexander.—In his preface Mr. Alexander ab Alexander, states his expectation "that the learned and critical reader will peruse this first publication of a writer with more than ordinary scrutiny; particularly when he finds him commencing his career with a subject like the present; he will call forth that analyzing acumen, which has so frequently enabled him to detect the errors, and (if his sympathy has kept pace with his mental acquirements,) to lament the wanderings of fancied genius; but, whether he assumes the haughty attitude of the censorious, or the milder benignity of the impartial critic, he (Mr. Alexander) feels equally tranquil as to the final result." And so he may,—he has published his book by subscription.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

THE new number of *The Dublin University Review* is a very able one. The article by the Astronomer Royal (Professor Hamilton) is one of the most beautiful examples of philosophic power, combined with mathematical ingenuity, that modern science can boast of—an article on Heeren contains an interesting Life of that distinguished historian—an Essay on Lycidas evinces a highly cultivated taste—the Irish Flora is manifestly written by a botanist of eminence—the History of Ancient Persia is learned without being dull, a great merit. There is also a comprehensive review of Sturt's 'Australia,' and good articles on the Bridgewater Treatises and Montgomery's Lectures: indeed, as a whole, it is, in our judgment, the best number that has been published.

A work is announced by Fraser as about to appear forthwith, entitled 'Forty Years' Residence in America, by Grant Thorburn.'—We have received a notice relating to this work, so strange, and out of the ordinary course, that we think it well to print it here:—

"To the Public.—As Mr. John Galt in his *Lawrie Todd*, and Sundrie other Periodicals, Magazines, Newspapers &c. in Europe and America have published So many *Scraps* and *Fragments* of my Life, I think its a duty I owe the Public and myself to send forth a true Copie. I think the events of my Life are more Strange in realitie, than many which I have read in fiction, and as I owe the giver of all good a Large Debt of Gratitude, I think its my dutie to make Sure that the world shall know it,—it will be published in a few days by Mr. James Fraser, No. 215, Regent Street, which is the only true history of my Life ever printed in Britain.

(Signed)

"Grant Thorburn, Seedsman, New York,
"Now at No. 14, Tavistock Row, Covent Garden.
"16 Novr. 1833."

Mr. Grant Thorburn, as he here announces, is at present in London, but about to proceed forthwith to Scotland. Forty years ago, as he told us lately, when we had the pleasure of half an hour's conversation with him, he took leave of his father and embarked for America, never hoping to meet again, 'until they shook hands in heaven': five and twenty years after, he returned to England and found the old man hale

and well; and now, after forty years, he hopes once more to receive his blessing, for he yet lives, ninety-two years of age. We mention this, because Lawrie Todd led us to believe that his father was dead.

We see, too, that Mr. Bull announces as to appear on the first of January, the first number of a work to be entitled, 'The Celebrated Women of all Countries, their Lives and Portraits,' by the Duchess of Abrantes and Count Straszewicz.

Wilkie, we hear, is busy both with portraits and domestic subjects; Stothard, if we may judge by his exquisite contributions to Rogers's splendid volume, is in full health and strength. One of our most eminent sculptors talks, we hear, of laying aside his modelling tool and chisel, as he gets no encouragement either in marble or bronze.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

ROYAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 21.—There was a very numerous meeting of the Society, Sir J. W. Lubbock, the Treasurer, in the chair.—A long list of the Memoirs, Transactions, &c., transmitted from the different learned societies of Europe and America, was read, and thanks returned to the donors. Four new members were proposed, and one (—Smythe, Esq.) elected.

A letter from Woodbine Parish, Esq. to Professor Koenig, 'On the History of the Mass of Meteoric Iron,' now in the British Museum, was read. Mr. Parish, by whom this aërolithe was sent to England, declared that, though he could not tell whether it formed a part of the great mass of meteoric iron discovered by Professor Stromeyer in South America, yet, he had reason to believe, that it was brought from the same neighbourhood. During the war in the Spanish colonies, the people of Buenos Ayres were, for some time, unable to procure muskets, as their coasts were closely blockaded. Some one remembered the mass of iron discovered by Stromeyer, and it was resolved to try whether it could not be manufactured. Before, however, the iron arrived, the cessation of the blockade had enabled the citizens to procure warlike stores; a portion of the iron was manufactured for the sake of experiment, and a pair of pistols, made from it, sent to the President of the United States.

Sir John Herschell's account of his observations 'On Nebulae and Clusters of Stars from the Year 1825 to 1833,' was read. This highly-interesting communication was, for the most part, in a tabular form, and required almost constant reference to the drawings by which it was accompanied. Sir John stated the difficulties that impede the observation of nebulae, their faintness, their irregular distribution, only three months in the year being favourable for such observation, and in these the moon and twilight must be absent. Still, his catalogue contained 2,500 nebulae; but 2000 of these had been already observed by his father, and of the 500 new, there was only one of remarkable magnitude. Sir John directed attention to the figures of the nebulae he had sent, the unity of whose design, and symmetry of whose parts, showed that they formed a definite system. He then spoke of a remarkable phenomenon, which, we believe, has not been previously observed—the nebulous appearance of some of the fixed stars in peculiar states of the atmosphere. These photospheres he attributed to the intervention of some of those rare meteors, whose kindling forms the aurora borealis. In conclusion, Sir John recommended astronomers to direct their earnest attention to the nebulae and double stars, especially suggesting micrometrical observations to determine whether they have a rota-

tory motion, and to the formation of a complete catalogue of nebulae, &c., and also a catalogue of missing nebulae.

Before concluding this report, we must observe, that Sir John Herschell's paper was a perfect specimen of a truly philosophical communication; it recorded the facts observed, without introducing a single theory: yet the ingenious manner in which the results were stated, suggested to the mind some of the most sublime speculations afforded by modern astronomy.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Nov. 20.—George Bellas Greenough, Esq., President, in the chair.—Joseph Burkart, Esq., Mining Engineer of Zacatecas, Mexico, and John Kenyon, Esq., of Devonshire Place, were elected Fellows. The communication read at this meeting, gave a description of the geological structure of the north coast of the river and gulf of St. Lawrence, from the mouth of the Saguenay (long. 69° 16' W.) to Cape Whittle, (long. 60° W.), and on the proofs of change in the relative position of land and water, by Capt. Bayfield, R.N., and communicated by Mr. Greenough.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

Nov. 19.—A. B. Lambert, Esq., in the chair.—The secretary read a paper by Mr. J. O. Westwood, 'On the genus *Diopsis*.' Of this limited and singular genus of dipterous insects, remarkable for having the eyes placed at the end of long peduncles, the author of the paper now enumerates nine species.

A second paper, by Dr. Daubigny, was read, 'On the degree of selection from soils, exercised by the absorbing surfaces of Plants.' Among other experiments, some plants were grown in sulphate of strontian finely powdered, and occasionally moistened with nitrate of strontian; the plants thus produced were reduced to ashes, but chemical analysis did not detect in these remains any portion of strontian.

Mr. Ward exhibited a living specimen of the Mitre fungus (*Helvella Mitra*), and Mr. Peete placed on the table fresh examples of a scarce species of *veronica*, gathered by himself at Hayes, near Bromley. Some fossils, principally Ammonites and Belemnites, found very high up the Himalaya Mountains, were sent as presents. Commander James Ross and Lieut. Holman, the blind traveller, attended the meeting.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

MON.	{ Royal Geographical Society.....Nine, P.M.
	{ Medical SocietyEight, P.M.
TUES.	{ Medico-Botanical Society.....Eight, P.M.
	{ Medico-Chirurgical Society½ p. 8, P.M.
	{ Zoological Society (Scientific Business)½ p. 8, P.M.
WED.	{ Society of Arts½ p. 7, P.M.
TH.	{ Society of AntiquariesEight, P.M.
SAT.	{ Royal Society (Anniversary)....Eleven, A.M.
	{ Westminster Medical Society....Eight, P.M.

Cambridge Philosophical Society.—A meeting was held on Monday the 11th, being the first which has been held in the Society's new house—the President of the Society (the Vice-Chancellor) in the chair.—Mr. Murphy read a second memoir on the properties of Inverse Functions; after which, Professor Airy gave an account of observations made at various places (Armagh, Guisborough, York, Dent, Manchester, Cambridge) of the Auroral Boreales which were seen on Sept. 17, and Oct. 12, last: explaining the mode of combining these observations so as to infer from them the place of the luminous matter. It appeared, from his calculations, that the latter Aurora was at a height of fifty or sixty miles above the earth's surface.—*Cambridge Chron.*

FINE ARTS

Byron's Dream. Painted by C. Eastlake, Esq., R.A., engraved in the line manner by Wilmore. London: Moon.

WHAT Mr. Eastlake has in store for us, we know not, but upon this splendid picture his fame at present rests. It is not necessary for us to describe imperfectly what our readers must have in perfect remembrance—neither is the fine passage in Byron likely to have slipped from their memory; but, here it is:

He lay
Reposing from the noon-tide sultriness,
Couch'd among fallen columns, in the shade
Of ruin'd walls that had survived the names
Of those who rear'd them; by his sleeping side
Stood camels grazing, and some goodly steeds
Were fasten'd near a fountain; and a man
Clad in a flowing garb did watch the while,
While many of his tribe slumber'd around.

The painter has caught his inspiration from the breathing words of the poet, as the poet did from surrounding nature—

In the wilds
Of fiery climes he made himself a home,
And his soul drank their sunbeams—

and the engraver, Mr. Wilmore, has laboured in a kindred spirit. The scene, we are told, is an actual view on the Gulf of Corinth, and is probably the very same so often referred to by Byron, with Parnassus and Helicon in the distance. It is in every way a noble work, and, in these degenerate days, does honour to art.

The Braggart. Painted by Edwin Landseer, engraved by Parr. London: Harding & King.

HERE we have two grave sarcastic tykes of the true old English kind, taking one of an over sea breed to task, for his insolence in doubting their sovereignty. The poor foreigner is couched, and his looks are uneasy; his two island judges seem uncertain whether to shake the braggart out of him, or quit him in contempt. We have heard that this was Mr. Landseer's earliest attempt in this style of painting—it is an admirable work under any circumstances, but if our informant be correct, it is a very extraordinary one.

The Improvident. Painted by Grenier, engraved by Egan. London: Harding & King.

THIS is a painful scene: a mother with her helpless children on a desolate road, and a pelting storm mustering above her; she seems to feel it already—not so her husband; who is indifferent, come what may. We never saw a happier representation of a thorough blackguard.

La Bayadère—Portrait of Tagliani. Drawn on stone by Lane, from a drawing by Chalon. London: Ackermann.

It may be idle to criticise a work like this, in which the most graceful of artists has sought inspiration from the most graceful of a kindred art—yet the result is not exactly to our taste. The figure appears to us too tall, and the drapery is all in a flutter—but it is beautiful notwithstanding, and the world will not stay its admiration at the cold questioning of the critic.

Illustrations of the Picturesque Annual, for 1834. London: Moon & Boys.

THE Landscape Annuals are taking the lead in all matters connected with elegance of embellishment: our friend Stanfield has aided largely in this; his pencil is ready for sea or shore, but in scenes where both unite, he excels. Out of the twenty and odd landscapes before us, there are a dozen, at least, so airy, so graceful, and so natural, that we cannot well do otherwise than frame them, that our favourites may be always before us. Even the scenes from among which we have made this selection, when looked at by themselves, are beautiful enough to render the whole volume interesting. The artist has employed his pencil on the French coast—when will he do as much for that of Britain?

Illustrations of the Keepsake, for 1834. London: Moon & Boys.

OF the seventeen embellishments of this elegant Annual, there are not more than six worthy of its earlier fame—the 'Millicent' of Newton, and the 'Mary' of Boxall; 'The Proposal' of Parris, and the 'Sappho' of Howard; 'The Storm' of Stanfield, and the 'Havre' of Turner, are all of high merit. The 'View of Havre,' is one of Turner's happiest efforts. The right hand of Boxall's 'Mary,' looks crippled in the drawing; the head is poetic.

Series of Heads of the Principal British Sporting Dogs. Lithographed by Fairland, after Pictures from the Life, by Cooper and Hancock. London: Harding & King.

THE first Part of this work is before us; it contains the heads of a fox-hound, a blood-hound, and a terrier. The latter has wonderful force and truth; the eyes are glimmering with fire, and the hair is sharp and savage. The blood-hound too is excellent. This undertaking will please many sportsmen, and, indeed, must be welcome to the country at large. There will be a dozen heads in all. Hancock almost rivals Cooper in these animal portraits.

The Landscape Album. London: Tilt.

THIS is a re-issue of 'Great Britain Illustrated,' and the second and concluding volume. It contains fifty-nine views by W. Westall, with descriptions by Mr. Moule. Of course such a work is not offered by the proprietors as one of high art, but of general interest; and we think it would be a welcome present to country friends, who may be pleased with the infinite variety it offers.

THEATRICALS

DURRY LANE.

THE play of 'Antony and Cleopatra' was revived at this half of the National Theatre, on Thursday. In these times it could not be represented in the state in which it is handed down to us; and, indeed, in any times it would require, previously to representation, an experienced and judicious hand to reject its undramatic parts and not mar the most dramatic. Upon the present occasion, the task has been undertaken by Mr. Macready; and, without entering into too minute an examination of the many alterations and transpositions he has made, we may state generally, that he has approached it with becoming respect, and executed it with good sense and just discrimination. Still it drew but a poor audience, and, judging from the general coldness of its reception, we see but slender chance of its doing much better in future. This is not only to be lamented, but, in some degree, to be wondered at. Notwithstanding the beauty, the magnificence of its language, it must always be heavy, on the whole, as an acting play, without such a representative of *Cleopatra* as it would almost amount to weakness to hope for. Still, it is a play of Shakspeare's, and perhaps not one in fifty of the present play-going public has ever seen it; we should, therefore, have expected that all real lovers of the drama, however moderate might be their expectations as to the manner in which it would be performed, would have resolved, upon principle, not to let slip an opportunity of seeing a work of the drama's master spirit, which they had never seen before. In any case, Mr. Macready and the management are entitled to credit for the revival, the one for the suggestion, and the other, for its adoption. A great deal has been said about the splendour with which it has been produced—rather too much, as it appears to us. The dresses generally were good, and the scenery, in part, was beautiful; but our memory is a very bad one, if there were not several old friends with certain new features—we cannot go so far as to say new

faces. Again, our memory fails us, if all, or nearly all, the better properties were not "neat as imported" from Covent Garden. The acting requires but little comment. So to speak, the play was acted by Mr. Macready. That his person is not what we could wish it for *Antony*, is no fault of his—he takes himself as he finds himself—and we must take him as we find him. His performance of the part—whether we look to the intensity of study which it evinced, to his careful and accurate delivery of the text, to the skill with which he unravelled the tangled skein of his speeches, and brought the best parts of his fine voice to bear upon them, until the author's true intention of the character, in all its points, and in all its varied and conflicting emotions, was placed before the audience in one clear and intelligible line—was deserving of the highest praise. We have never seen him to so much advantage: his whole soul seemed to be in the part, and there was a total absence of stage trick. His acting in the scene of explanation with *Cæsar* of their cause of quarrel, was a specimen of the art carried to its highest pitch of perfection. It lives, and will live in our memory, side by side with some of our most cherished recollections of John Kemble. As far as a tribute from us individually is concerned, we can pay no higher. After him, there was no one who got beyond the painful word "respectable"; and we shall, therefore, take leave—to excuse ourselves for once from the disagreeable task of comment.

Several of the papers in noticing the new opera of 'Gustavus,' at Covent Garden, have objected to Mr. Planché's having, in his adaptation of it for the English stage, departed from the incidents of the French piece, and substituted for them historical facts. We complimented him, not merely because, as a general rule, we prefer a close adherence to history in pieces which purport to be historical, but because, in the present case, we contend that history is more dramatic than fiction. It is but just to Mr. Planché, to make it known that Count Osenstein, a nobleman related to the family of King Gustavus, and who is at present in London, expressed himself the other evening, after having seen the opera at Covent Garden, as warmly indebted to the English author for contributing to rescue the character of Gustavus from the unmerited odium cast on it by the French dramatist, and for having placed the King before the public in his true light.

OLYMPIC THEATRE.

A new burletta (as everything is obliged to be called here), in two acts, entitled, 'The Beulah Spa,' was produced on Monday last at this house with perfect success. We cannot say more, but must trust to the author's good-humour to take the will for the deed. It is written by Mr. Charles Dance.

Richmond Theatre.—[We have received the following from a friend, in whose judgment we have much confidence.]—I had an opportunity of visiting this little theatre on Monday—the evening of its close for the season—and saw Miss H. Faucit in the character of *Mariana* in 'The Wife'—a character far better adapted to develop the talents of a young debutante, than that of the "frail matron" in Kotzebue's maulin production; and, I assure you, she sustained the part throughout in a manner to gratify the warmest expectations of her friends, and, evidently, to the delight of a crowded audience. In the lighter scenes, her performance was marked by great simplicity and truth, especially in her first interview with St. Pierre, where the recollection of their native hills calls forth that touching picture of a Switzer's home, so beautifully given by the author. In the graver passages, the same good sense and discrimination

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prevailed; and, if I sometimes thought that a little more energy would have been desirable, I could not blame the judgment that feared "to overstep the modesty of nature." On the whole, her performance was full of promise; and, if she follows the advice you gave her in a former notice, and retires from the public gaze until time and cultivation shall have matured the powers with which nature has so amply gifted her, I agree with you, that she will come again before us "the admired of all beholders."

The play was, altogether, got up in a manner creditable alike to the management and performers. In the afterpiece of 'My Wife's Mother,' the part of *Uncle Fozzie* was, if I may use the term, illustrated by my old favourite, Mr. Farren. His acting of it conveyed to my mind the very *beau idéal* of a good-natured sexagenarian.

MISCELLANEA

London University.—The council have appointed Captain Maconochie, R.N., Secretary to the Royal Geographical Society, to the Professorship of Geography; and the Rev. Robert Vaughan, author of the 'Life of Wycliffe,' and of 'Memorials of the Stuart Dynasty,' to the Professorship of History.

New Literary and Scientific Institution.—We are happy to find that an institution for such general purposes as this name indicates, is about to be established in the populous and wealthy neighbourhood of Belgrave Square and Sloane Street. It is indeed strange, that, extending, as the district may be said to do, from Hyde Park Corner to Kensington, and from Chelsea to Buckingham Gate, including Brompton, Sloane Street, Belgrave and Eaton Squares, Grosvenor Place, &c., it has not the advantage of a single library of reference or a public reading room. There cannot be a doubt, that if this infant institution be carefully nursed and judiciously attended to, it will become in a short time one of the most flourishing in London. We have indeed reason to believe, that though no public announcement has yet been made on the subject, more than a hundred gentlemen have already enrolled their names, as wishing to become members.

Chinese Jest, translated by Stanislas Julien.—A man seeing an oyster-vender pass by, called out, give me a pound of those oysters. "We sell oysters by measure not by weight," replied the other; "Well," said he, "give me a yard of them."—"There was a miser so sparing of his wine that he never filled a glass. One of his guests taking up a half-filled glass said, "This vessel is too deep, you should cut away half of it." "What do you mean?" asked the avaricious host. "If the upper part," replied the guest, "is not intended to hold wine, it must be quite useless."—"Two brothers cultivated a farm together. The eldest went to prepare dinner, and when it was ready called the younger. He replied with a shout, "I will come as soon as I have hidden my spade." When they were at table, the elder brother reproached such imprudence, saying, "When one hides a thing, he should keep silence, or at least speak only in a whisper." After dinner they returned to the field, and the younger discovered that his spade was gone. He approached his brother mysteriously, and whispered in his ear "My spade is stolen."—"A rich man lived between two forges, and was greatly annoyed by the constant hammering, which allowed him no rest night or day. He made very liberal offers to the proprietors, if they would change their residence, to which they seemed to lend a willing ear. Transported with joy, he invited them to dinner, and gave a most luxurious entertainment. When the repast was concluded, he asked them whither they intended to remove? They answered, "He who lives at your right hand

will remove to the left, and he who lives at your left will remove to the right."

Royal Amusement.—Upon the return of the vizier Achmet from Candia, after the surrender of that city, and a happy end put by him to that tedious and bloody war, he, acquainting the present Emperor, then at Adrianople, with the history of that famous siege at large, made such terrible representations of their and the Venetians' mining and counter-mining, that the Emperor was resolved out of curiosity to see the experiment made, of a thing that appeared to him almost incredible. A work was soon raised and undermined, and above thirty murderers and robbers upon the highway and such like villains were put into it, as if to defend it. The Grand Signior stood upon an eminence at some considerable distance, expecting the issue of it; upon a signal given, the mine was sprung, and the fort demolished, and the poor wretches torn to pieces, to his great satisfaction.—*T. Smith's Travels*, 1675.

Retort to a Miser.—There was a miser in Bagdad, making his dinner of bread and honey, when a friend came in, whom he feared that he should ask to eat. He hastily hid the bread, thinking that the other would not eat the honey alone. In this he was disappointed; seeing the combs rapidly disappear, he said, "My friend, do you not know that honey is unwholesome? it closes the heart."—"Yes," replied the guest, it closes your heart.—*Nusht-ool-Yamun*.

Saxony Wool.—To the late King of Saxony, when Elector, is due the merit of having first brought the breed of Spanish Merino sheep into Germany, which has since transferred the valuable trade in fine wool almost wholly from the Spanish to the German soil. From the period of its first introduction until 1814, this wool was gradually, although slowly, spreading itself over the surface of the kingdom of Saxony; but when the continental trade was thrown quite open, by the events of the short campaign of 1815, the Saxon wool-dealers began to open a regular trade in the article with England, and they soon discovered the real value of this new branch of German commerce. There were imported into England in the first year, viz.:

In 1814	only	3,593,146 lb
1819	4,557,938
1824	15,452,657
1828	23,110,882

This prodigious increase in the demand for German wool naturally excited the emulation of the flock-lying contiguous to Saxony; and the states-masters of that kingdom carried on, for a considerable period, a very prosperous trade in rams and ewes with the land-owners of Silesia, Bohemia, Austria, and other parts, who were desirous of changing the nature of their flocks to this more profitable breed. All the superabundance of grain, which had no external vent to carry it off, was given to the sheep, in order to accelerate their approach to the maximum degree of fineness of which their wool was susceptible: thus actually creating a profitable consumption for their corn, through the eagerness exhibited in England to obtain a superior quality of wool.—*Quarterly Journ. of Agricult.*

Captain Mudge, in the course of the survey of the north-west coast of Ireland, has had an opportunity of investigating a singular structure, found 16 feet below the surface of a bog near Donegal. It appears to have been a small dwelling-house, rudely framed of oak, and, from the antiseptic qualities of the bog, is in perfect preservation. A plan, elevation, and a minute description of this highly interesting discovery have been communicated to the Society of Antiquaries, and the public anticipate, with no ordinary eagerness, the appearance of these documents; for though this building is on a small scale, composed of homely materials, and placed in a less refined region than Pompeii, yet, like

that celebrated city, its disinterment brings us immediately to the manners and customs of the Irish fifteen or more centuries ago.—*Irish Paper*.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL

Days of W. & Mon.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Barometer. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Thur. 14	49 35	30.10	E.	Clear, A.M.
Frid. 15	46 36	30.06	E. to N.W.	Cloudy.
Sat. 16	48 39	29.79	S. to S.W.	Moist, P.M.
Sun. 17	55 45	29.85	S.W.	Cloudy.
Mon. 18	56 48	30.10	S.W.	Foggy.
Tues. 19	56 48	30.12	S.W. to N.W.	Cloudy.
Wed. 20	52 43	30.04	N.W.	Clear.

Prevailing Cloud.—Cirrostratus.
Mean temperature of the week, 45.5°. Greatest variation, 21°.—Mean atmospheric pressure, 29.945.

Nights fair throughout the week. Mornings fair; foggy towards the end.—Day decreased on Wednesday 8 h.

NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ART.

The Annual Biography and Obituary for 1834, will contain Memoirs of Lord Exmouth, Sir George Dallas, Bart., Sir John Malcolm, Earl Fitzwilliam, Lord Dover, Sir Henry Blackwood, W. Wilberforce, Esq. Sir E. G. Colpoys, Capt. Lyon, R.N. Rajah Ramnath Roy, Admiral Boys, J. Heriot, Esq. (Comptroller of Chelsea Hospital) Mr. Samuel Drew, &c.

The Story without an End, translated from the German by Mrs. Austin, with Wood Engravings from the Designs of Harvey.

A Few Remarks upon Mr. Hayward's Prose Translation of Goethe's 'Faust,' by Mr. D. Boileau.

Bibliographical Catalogue of Works Privately Printed; including such as have emanated from the Roxburghe, Bannatyne, and Maitland Clubs, and the Private Presses at Strawberry Hill, Auchinleck, Darlington, Lee Priory, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Broadway, by John Martin, F.L.S.

The Dark Lady of Doona, by the Author of 'Stories of Waterloo.'

The Baboo, or Life in India.

The Lady and the Lady's Maid, by the Rev. C. B. Taylor.

The Child of the Church of England, by the Rev. C. B. Taylor.

The Stoic; or, Memoirs of Eurysthenes the Athenian, by Mrs. J. K. Stanford.

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Lieutenant Jervis has just completed a Narrative of his recent Journey to the Falls of the Cavery, combined with an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Neigherry Hills.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R.—received.

We received, a short time since, a very kind letter from 'Sigma.' The writer bears his heart in his hand, and it is impossible to doubt his sincerity; but we think him weak, where he fancies himself strong, and have a suspicion that he is an artist: if he be not, we desire to hear from him again, and should like to have some talk with him in confidence.

Erratum.—In Cunningham's Memoir, the christian name of Cary should be Henry Francis, not 'William.'

ADVERTISEMENTS

UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.—

The Rev. SAMUEL WOOD, B.A., will deliver a COURSE of EIGHT LECTURES on ELUCTION, on Monday and Thursday Evenings, at Seven o'clock, beginning with December 2.

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Lecture III.....Dec. 9. Infection.
Lecture IV.....Dec. 12. The Music of Language.
Lecture V.....Dec. 16. 1. Emphasis.
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